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McKean County Miner.

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MET DEATH ON CROSSING.

Miles Loop and Daughter Killed Below Eldred Last Thursday.

HIT BY P. R. R. MORNING TRAIN.

Earl Loop Escapes Serious Injury—Largely Attended Funeral.

Shortly after six o'clock yesterday morning the people of this community were shocked by the startling news that Miles Loop, with his daughter, Belle, and son, Earl, had been struck by the flyer going north, at the crossing near Christeen, and he and his daughter fatally injured. The news was but too true and as scores of people flocked to the scene it was with saddened hearts that they looked upon the debris of the carriage and remarked upon the accident, one which had always seemed likely, but which was such a terrible blow when it did come. Mr. Loop had been a prosperous farmer, owning a large farm in the township, also a house in the borough, here where he spent much of his time when not needed on the farm. Wednesday evening they were in town, Miss Belle being detained until a late hour with several young ladies, at the residence of C. Y. White, discussing a party to be held at her home here last night in honor of a friend and, because of the rain, decided to remain in town all night.

Early in the morning the father, son and daughter started to drive out to the farm. Earl was driving and said he heard a train whistle, but it was not plain and he supposed it was for the crossing above the depot and thought he had plenty of time to get across, but as the horse came onto the track the flyer rushed into view but a few hundred feet away. He seized the whip and hit the horse, but it was too late to escape the disaster and the engine struck them, tearing the buggy to kindling, knocked the father and daughter about 50 feet and throwing Earl a considerable distance. The horse was uninjured and ran up the track to the depot. Earl was bruised but as soon as he saw the terrible conditions and his father and sister apparently dead, he ran for medical assistance, after getting the wrecked buggy away from them. The flyer backed up and Miss Belle was put aboard and taken to the hospital in Olean, Earl accompanying her.

Mr. Loop was carried to H. C. Rice's and everything possible done for him but to no avail for he passed away at 9:15. His back was injured and it was thought he was hurt internally, but the doctors believed it was the great shock which caused, or at least hastened, his death.

While enroute to Olean Belle, although not unconscious, could not recognize any one. Her hip was broken and her face bruised, and at 9:25 she too passed into that sleep which knows no awakening.

Miles Loop was well known throughout this section as a respected farmer and oil producer. He was born in Eldred township in 1858, being 55 years of age and has been a prominent Mason for many years. He was councilman of the borough 1895-96 and was supervisor of the township at the time of his death.

The daughter was a young lady aged about 20 years, highly respected. She has taught school several years and had been engaged to have charge of a room in the Eldred school the coming term. She was an active member of the M. E. church and a member of the Order of the Eastern Star and Lady Maccabees.—Eldred Eagle.

The double funeral was held at the Methodist church in Eldred at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon and the remains were laid at rest in the family plot on the Loop farm. The members of the Eldred Lodge F. & A. M. and the Order of the Eastern Star and L. O. T. M. attended in a body. It was one of the largest attended funerals ever held in this county, which shows the high esteem in which Mr. and Miss Loop were held where they were known.

Trotting Records.

In 97 years the one mile trotting record has been lowered 59 seconds. The following table shows the record since 1800:

Horse	Date	Time
Yankee	1806	2:59
Boston Horse, ch g	1810	2:48½
Edwin Forest, blk g	1834	2:31½
Lady Suffolk, gr m	1845	2:29¼
Flora Temple, b m	1859	2:19¼
Dexter, br g	1859	2:17¼
Goldsmith Maid	1874	2:14
St. Julien, b g	1879	2:12¼
Maud S., ch m	1885	2:08¾
The Abbot, b g	1900	2:03¼
Crescens, ch h	1901	2:02¾
Lou Dillon, b m	1903	2:00

Coolness Certain.

You can cook with comfort if you have one of our famous Detroit Jewel Gas Ranges. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Highest prices paid for ginseng. Leave your ginseng at Brownell Bros' store, Smethport, Pa.

G. W. Hatch.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

W. A. Williams is remodeling his dwelling house. He has raised it up, put new sills under it and otherwise materially improved the building. He has also built a good substantial side walk in front of his residence.

The Baptists of Austin township are building a church. Our friends in that township are determined not to be behind other localities in religious and moral reform and advancement generally. Let the improvements go on. Churches and schools are all important to every community.

When trade grew slack and notes fell due, the merchant's face grew long and blue; his dreams were troubled through the night, with sheriff's bailiffs all in sight. At last his wife unto him said: "Arise at once, get out of bed and get your paper ink and pen and say these words unto the men: 'My goods I wish to sell to you and to your wives and daughters, too; my prices are so very low that each will buy before they go.'" He did as his good wife advised and straightway went and advertised; crowds came and bought out all he had, his notes were paid his dreams were glad, and he will tell you to this day how well did printers' ink repay. He told us with a knowing wink, how he was saved by printers' ink.

The latest indoor amusement is termed the printer's delight and is performed in the following manner: Take a sheet of note paper, fold it carefully and enclose a bank note sufficiently large to pay up arrearages and a year in advance. Keep your eye on the printer and if he smiles the trick is a success. Try it.

Dr. Freeman has been fitting up a fish pond near his house and has deposited therein some two hundred and twenty-five trout, one of which he thinks will weigh something over two pounds and several others that will not fall short of a pound and a half. He intends to enlarge the size of the pond considerably, lay a stone wall around the banks and gravel the bottom so that the water will remain clear, thus enabling persons to get a better view of the speckled beauties.

Married, in Eldred township on July 11, 1869, by Rev. G. T. Dennis, Mr. J. M. Baldwin and Miss Margaret A. Barton, all of Otto township.

At Olean, July 15, 1869, by Rev. N. M. Clute, Mr. Arthur Lovejoy of Otto township to Miss Martha J. Doane of Eldred.

In Keating township, at the residence of Jacob Digel, by P. Ford, Esq., Mr. John Digel of New York city to Miss Amelia, daughter of Adam Martin of Clermontville, Pa. May happiness ever attend them.

A new postoffice has been established at Turtle Point, in this county, and Darius Simpson, Jr., appointed postmaster.

Died, at Lewis Run, Lafayette township, this county, August 8, 1869, Mrs. Susan Robinson, aged 83 years.

President Grant and family, accompanied by Gen. Cameron and a few other friends, have been spending a few days at the residence of Gen. Kane, at Kane, this county. He came there on Saturday morning last (Aug. 14, 1869,) and remained until Tuesday. We understand the President was delighted with his visit to the elegant and romantic home of our distinguished citizen. On Monday the party went trout fishing on the Toby waters in the neighborhood of Wilcox and we are told the President caught his first trout that day, an exploit which caused him as much satisfaction as the taking of a rebel battery. Monday evening upon their return from the fishing excursion they partook of an elegant repast at the hospitable residence of Col. Wilcox, after which they returned to Kane. Among the guests of Gen. Kane were Hon. M. B. Lowry of Erie and Dr. S. D. Freeman of this place.

Miss Scull deserves the thanks of our community for getting up so delightful an entertainment as that of Tuesday evening. It was a decided success and afforded a great deal of pleasure to both old and young. The court house was well filled and the utmost harmony prevailed throughout. We have not room to enter into particulars in noticing the exhibition, but we will be pardoned for speaking of the wedding scene, in which Mrs. Henry King took the part of the bride. In the drinking scene she rendered the part of the teetotaler most admirably. Her remarks ought to and we trust will be long remembered by that audience. Every piece was well performed, even the youngest children reciting their parts as though they had been drilled for months. The receipts of the evening, clear of expenses, were some $35.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Faller.

AUSTIN 13, SMETHPORT 7.

Was the Result of a Yellow Exhibition Game Friday.

KEEFER'S HOME RUN GOOD FEATURE

Home Team Played a Loose Game—Denning Retired in Second Inning.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

	Played	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Smethport	9	6	3	.667
Coudersport	12	8	4	.667
Eldred	13	7	6	.540
Austin	11	6	5	.545
Port Allegany	9	3	6	.333
Olean	8	1	7	.125

A travesty on the national game was pulled off at Kane Field Friday afternoon when the Smethport and Austin teams met in an exhibition game, the second of a series of five. Denning, who has had no practice in the box this season, was put into pitch and the knowing ones whispered that it was fixed for Austin to win. With the single exception of Keefer the home players acted as if they did not care to win and the careless playing of some was, to say the least, disgusting.

Spectators at exhibition games pay the same price as at league games and have a right to expect a little consideration on the part of the management. The management of the Smethport ball team deserves censure in this instance for advertising one pitcher and playing another and advertising an umpire who had not been secured. A very perceptible decrease in attendance need not be surprising if such actions longer continue.

The game started with Smethport at bat. Bell went out on a fly to Henneman. Tull died, Craig to Fredericks, and Keefer was called out on three doubtful strikes. Denning, who essayed to pitch for Smethport, passed M. Swayne and F. Swayne on balls, two wild pitches, a steal and Henneman's out, Studholme to Keefer, scored both. Servatius tripled and scored on a passed ball. Mulroy reached first on Studholme's error, Fredericks died to Fuller and McNamara fanned.

Studholme and McCabe went out by the same route, Servatius to Fredericks, and Fuller fanned in the second. Craig took one in the slats and Verner was given a life on Bell's error, M. Swayne singled, F. Swayne doubled and Henneman singled. With three runs in Denning was sent to the stable and Fuller took the slab amid the plaudits of the multitude, but as the sequel shows the damage had already been done. Servatius reached first when his third strike got away from Young. Stull captured flies from Mulroy and Fredericks, McNamara singled, scoring Servatius and Craig struck out.

In the third Stull struck out, Young hit a fly to F. Swayne and Denning fanned. Bell took care of Verner's fly, M. Swayne walked, F. Swayne and Henneman singled, two runs resulting. Servatius hit to Bell and was doubled with Henneman.

Bell singled in the fourth, Tull hit to Verner, Keefer fanned and Studholme died, Mulroy to Fredericks. Mulroy flied to Studholme, Fredericks and McNamara each negotiated the initial sack on errors by Tull and Studholme, Craig and Verner struck out.

McCabe was thrown out at first by McNamara, Fuller fanned, Stull received a life on Frederick's error, Young singled and was run down between the bases, Stull scoring in the meantime. Austin went out in order.

In the sixth Denning died F. Swayne to Fredericks, Bell walked, Tull make first on McNamara's error and both counted on Keefer's long drive over right field fence. Studholme was retired on a hit to Servatius, McCabe singled and Fuller fanned. Servatius struck out, Mulroy reached first on Tull's error and second on a passed ball and scored on Frederick's long single to left. The latter was nailed at second on McCabe's beautiful throw in attempting to stretch his hit into a double, Mulroy scoring and McNamara fanned.

Stull started off the seventh and reached first on Frederick's error, Young was thrown out by McNamara, Denning was safe on F. Swayne's bad throw Bell donbled, Tull was thrown out by Servatius, Keefer singled and Studholme was retired at first by F. Swayne, all of which netted three runs. Austin scored one in this inning on errors by McCabe and Tull and two outs.

Neither side scored in the remaining innings, although Smethport was near to it in the ninth, when a piece of headless base running cut off their remaining chance.

The tabulated score:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bell, ss	4	2	2	0	3	1
Tull, 2d	5	1	1	0	0	3
Keefer, 1st	4	1	2	8	0	0
E. Studholme, 3d	4	0	0	2	2	2
McCabe, lf	3	0	1	0	1	0
Fuller, p-rf	4	0	0	1	1	0
Stull, cf-rf	4	2	0	1	0	0
Young, c	4	0	1	8	0	1
Denning, p-cf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Total	35	7	7	24	7	9

Austin	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
M. Swain, lf	5	2	1	0	0	0
F. Swain, 2d	4	3	2	3	2	1
Henneman, cf	5	1	2	1	0	0
Servatius, p	5	2	1	0	4	0
Mulroy, ss	5	1	0	1	3	0
Fredericks, 1st	5	0	1	12	0	2
McNamara, 2d	4	2	1	1	3	0
Craig, c	3	2	0	8	2	1
Verner, rf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Totals	38	13	8	27	15	4

By innings:

Smethport	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	0	0	—7
Austin	3	6	2	0	0	2	1	0	*	—13

Earned runs—Smethport 2, Austin 2.
Home run—Keefer.
Three base hit—Servatius.
Two base hits—Bell, Tull, F. Swayne.
Struck out—by Denning 1, by Fuller 5, by Servatius 8.
Passes on balls off Denning 2, off Fuller 1, off Servatius 2.
Passed balls—Young 4.
Wild pitches—Denning 2, Servatius 1.
Double play—Bell to Keefer.
Umpire—A. H. Ridder.

The game scheduled for Tuesday between Eldred and Coudersport at Eldred was postponed on account of rain, as was the Austin-Smethport game scheduled for Monday.

At Coudersport on Saturday the home team defeated Austin by a score of 11 to 7, tieing Smethport for first place. In Coudersport's standing are included a number of forfeited games, which if allowed to stand as played would materially decrease her standing. If there is any glory in converting a defeat into a victory through a technicality we fail to see it. Smethport wants none of it.

By taking a game from Port Allegany last Friday Eldred went into third place and now leads Austin for that position by one point. The score was 7 to 6. It will be well to keep an eye on Eldred. She is liable to become dangerous.

At present Smethport is the only town in the league which is living up to the rules and playing none but home players. The others are without exception employing professionals and are openly violating section 10 of the rules. Smethport has entered no protest on the many flagrant violations of the rules by the other members of the league, but doubtless the Smethport management would like to know the why and wherefore of the discrimination against them. A case in point: A short time ago it was desired to secure a catcher to relieve Tom Young, who was injured, for a few games and the name of one Piper was sent in. Immediately throughout the entire length and breadth of the circuit there went up a chorus of howls that would double discount the best efforts of a million hungry coyotes and Piper was protested on the ground that he was not a resident of Smethport. The protest was sustained. Under this ruling Smethport is legally entitled to every game played, no matter what the result. But, as we said before, we do not want that kind of glory.

War Seems Certain.

Everything points to a bitter war in the far East soon. A dispatch from Sofia, Bulgaria, dated Aug. 24, in part says: Reports from Monastir, authenticated by the Russian and Austrian consuls, give horrifying details of the massacres and atrocities.

At the village of Armensko the Turks destroyed 150 houses out of a total of 157 and massacred every man, woman and child. The women were subjected to the most terrible atrocities by the soldiers. Eighty revolutionists, captured at Krushevo, who were sent in the direction of Monastir in chains, were slaughtered by their guards.

The sanitary conditions of Krushevo are described as revolting. The dead are lying in the streets, stripped of every garment, the Turks even taking the vestments off the body of a priest.

According to Turkish advices, when the insurgents captured Vasiliko, in the eastern part of the vilayet of Adrianople, they killed the garrison, consisting of 50 soldiers, and about 100 of the inhabitants.

Christian, Greek and Mussulman refugees have arrived at the mouth of the Bosphorus from the neighborhood of Midia, fearing a massacre there. They have been sheltered in the lazaretto at Anadoli-Kavak and are being fed by the authorities.

A Constantinople correspondent telegraphs that a band of Bulgarians has attacked the Turkish town of Urgus, south of India, on the east coast of Turkey, and have blown up the government buildings with dynamite. It is reported that 200 persons were killed.

The Bulgarian and Greek subjects residing in Roumania have been ordered by their respective governments to return to their homes without delay, in order to be ready for mobilization.

The Turks are reported to have massacred all the women and children in 22 villages of the districts of Florina and Monastir and to have afterward burned the villages. They are also alleged to have killed a number of prisoners.

The streets of Krushevo are said to be strewn with dead and the survivors are afraid to bury the bodies, fearing to incur the suspicions of the Turks.

For Sale Cheap

at Stull & Youmans' store, Ormsby, Pa. 1 oak dining table, 1 bedroom suit, 1 single iron bedstead with springs and mattress, 1 writing desk, 1 kitchen table 1 gas range, 1 folding bed, 25 yds. carpeting also matting, 1 carriage, single harness and robes, 1 cutter, 2 bicycles (one lady's.) For particulars inquire of John Youmans, Smethport, (over Hafner's store) or M. L. Youmans, Ormsby.

RELIANCE WINS TWO RACES.

One Saturday Easily and the Other Tuesday by Small Margin.

CUP WILL PROBABLY STAY HERE.

Third Race To-day—Lipton Is Not Discouraged—Both Pretty Races.

The Reliance has won two races of the series of five with Shamrock III for the much coveted cup and now the chances are very strong that Sir Thomas Lipton will have to make another visit at least to America if he wishes to take the prize home.

Of the first race on Saturday press dispatches from New York say: Reliance completely outsailed Shamrock III in their first race for the America's cup, crossing the finish line ahead of her rival by seven minutes. Although Shamrock III was in the lead at the start there was no time that Reliance was in danger of defeat and from the moment of the starting gun the defender quickly crept up to and finally passed the challenger. The race is a very decisive one and clearly shows that Sir Thomas Lipton's boat is entirely outclassed in no matter what kind of weather the contests take place. That the cup is destined to remain on this side, for at least another year, seems a certainty. After once taking the lead Reliance held it to the finish line, which she crossed at 3:17:15. Shamrock following her at 3:26:40, official time. Immediately after crossing the line both yachts took in their spinnakers and headed toward Sandy Hook. Reliance's elapsed time was three hours, 32 minutes and 24 seconds; Shamrock, 3 hours, 41 minutes, 33 seconds. Deducting the time allowance of 1 minute, 57 seconds, Reliance won by 7 minutes, 2 seconds.

This is the report of Tuesday's race: In a glorious whole-sail breeze, over a triangular course, 10 miles to a leg, the fleet-footed cup defender, Reliance, again showed her heels to Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, taking the second race of the series of 1903 by the narrow margin of 1 minute and 19 seconds. It was as pretty and hard fought a contest as has ever been sailed on Sandy Hook and had the wind not fallen during the last 10 minutes, the record for the course, 3 hours, 12 minutes and 15 seconds, made by Columbia two years ago in her memorable race against Shamrock II, would have been broken. As it was, Reliance sailed the 30 miles within 2 minutes and 39 seconds of the record, which speaks wonders for her speed in the wind that was blowing.

Reliance's victory, narrow as it was, would have been even smaller had not Capt. Wringe, the skipper of the British ship, bungled the start, sending his craft over the line 19 seconds after the last gun and handicapping her to that extent. At every point of sailing the defender's superiority was demonstrated. She gained 1 minute and 51 seconds in windward work, 40 seconds on the run to the second mark, and 45 seconds on the close reach for home.

Based upon the magnificent showing she has made in the two races already sailed, it is the belief of many experts that the cup is safe and that it will take something better than Fife's latest creation to even budge it.

Arrested on Serious Charge.

Amado Pepe, who with his wife and family lives at No. 17 East Main street, was arrested yesterday evening on the charge of having taken gross liberties with two little girls. The children were with him in a derrick across the creek from the B., R. & P. depot. Railroad men saw him and soon a crowd gathered. The general impulse was to inflict summary punishment upon the rascal, but Officer Bain arrived at about that time and placed Pepe under arrest. He was taken to the lockup. The little girls, whose ages will not exceed 8 years each, were sent to their homes and the parents were notified of the occurrence. The mother of one of the children immediately caused a warrant to be issued for the prisoner on a charge of improper conduct and a second warrant will probably be secured this morning, by the parent of the other child, on a similar charge. Pepe was taken before Alderman Foley where he furnished bail in the sum of $500 for his appearance for a hearing before the magistrate at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Intense excitement was occasioned in the Fifth ward by the incident and it is highly probable that Pepe would have met with severe treatment at the hands of indignant citizens had he not been taken into custody by the police. He is known generally as an ice cream peddler and is an Italian.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

Pepe was arrested on the second charge Tuesday. The McKean County Humane Society has taken the matter in hand and will prosecute the case.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Mrs. Ella G. Carter Dies Suddenly.

Mrs. Ella G. Carter died very suddendenly at the Kane Summit hospital, from a severe attack of appendicitis, aged about 50 years.

The news of the death of this most estimable lady was a severe shock to her many friends in this borough. Saturday she left here in perfect health to visit friends in Kushequa. She was taken ill Sunday and on Monday was removed to the hospital in Kane. Dr. Kane performed an operation, but the patient failed to rally and her death followed.

Miss Ella G. Shallies was formerly a resident of Arcade, N. Y., and on Feb 4, 1874, was united in marriage to A. H. Carter. To them one son, Roy, was born, who survives to mourn the loss of a most indulgent and loving mother.

In 1888 Mr. and Mrs. Carter moved to this place, where he conducted a jewelry store up to the time of his death, nearly five years ago. Since that time Mrs. Carter has successfully conducted the business. During this time the deceased has passed through many trying situations which would have broken down most women, but she was so admirably constituted that she bore her troubles bravely and her brave heart and true womanly character won her many firm friends among the Smethport people. She has met her share of adversities in this life and dealt with them in such a way that her path in the Great Beyond should be much more pleasant.

The remains were brought here from Kane Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning a short prayer was held at her late home by Rev. J. H. McCandless, which was attended by many members of the Eastern Star, of which she was a member, and a large circle of friends. Her remains were then taken to Arcade, N. Y., for burial, Mrs. J. E. Myers and Miss May Choate accompanying her relatives on their sad mission.

Death of Mrs. Alta Provin.

Mrs. Alta Provin, aged about 41 years, wife of A. D. Provin, died in a Buffalo hospital Sunday evening after an illness of three weeks. The cause of her death was uraemic poisoning.

Miss Alta Sloan was born at Farmers Valley where she resided until a young lady, when she was united in marriage to A. D. Provin of the same place. This union was blessed with two children, Miss Nina, aged 19, and Harry, aged 16, who with their father and Mrs. L. Sloan, mother of the deceased, survive to mourn their loss.

Shortly after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Provin moved to Warsaw, N. Y., where they have since resided. But Mrs. Provin always made frequent visits to Smethport to see her mother and her many friends here will deeply mourn her untimely death. She was a highly accomplished woman with a sunny disposition and her friends were numbered by her acquaintances in Smethport and vicinity.

The remains of Mrs. Provin were brought from Buffalo to this place Tuesday afternoon and taken to the residence of Otis Irons, where her mother resides. The funeral services were held at the house at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, Rev. P. S. Calvin of the Baptist church officiating. The remains were laid at rest in the Farmers Valley cemetery.

James Doyle for County Treasurer.

The Bradford Era of Friday last says:

Having been advised by his friends to become a candidate for the position of county treasurer, Mr. James Doyle of Mt. Jewett authorizes the Era to announce the fact that he favors the proposition and that he will be a candidate for the place when the proper time comes.

Mr. Doyle is now efficiently serving the people of McKean county as mercantile appraiser. He is a life-long resident of the county and is known by the people as a trustworthy, conscientious and able business man. If the Republicans should regard his candidacy in a favorable light and if he should be nominated, he would receive an immense vote, as he has friends in both of the political organizations. "I do not believe in beating about the bush in this matter," said Mr. Doyle to the Era. "Having given the question consideration I have concluded to make the run. And in order that the voters of McKean county may be informed on the subject I make this early announcement. In days gone by, before I was so unfortunate as to have lost both my feet, and before I was forced to depend upon artificial limbs, I was not an office seeker. But now, under existing circumstances and after all the years of service which I have rendered to the Republican party I believe that it would not be making an unseemly request to ask the Republicans of the county to nominate and elect me to the position of county treasurer."

A special train will leave Smethport at 7 a. m. Tuesday, Sept. 8, on the Kushequa Route in connection with B., R. & P., on account of Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Toronto Fair excursion. Fare to Niagara Falls and return $2.00. Fare to Toronto and return $3.50. Niagara Falls tickets are good for return from Buffalo Wednesday, Sept. 9, on regular trains. Toronto tickets will be good for return passage with privilege of stop-over at Niagara Falls or Buffalo on or before Saturday, Sept. 12.

"GOODBY, DORA"

By.... HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1902, by Charles W. Hooke

I WAS roused by a loud knocking at my door. Stumbling forward, I sprang back the catch of the lock. The man without had turned the knob and was pressing upon it so that he seemed to fall into the room. He was my uncle's butler and was obviously shaking with alarm.

My first thought was that my uncle, whose health was very feeble, might have died in the night.

"Mr. Halstead is worse?" I began.

The butler shook his head with a sort of shuddering convulsion that swept down to his toes.

"It's Mr. John," he replied. "He's dead."

The news struck to my heart. Jack Halstead was my cousin and a fine fellow in every way. A great grief that had had of late had brought us close together, and I held him to be my best friend.

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "An accident?"

"Suicide," was the reply.

I was conscious of surprise in the midst of my confusion, for this servant had hated Jack with the unforgiving persistence of an Indian since a day long ago when my cousin had exposed him in a trifling dishonesty.

I dressed with all haste and hurried across to my uncle's house, accompanied by the trembling servant. When we entered I saw a group at the head of the broad stairway. Mr. Halstead was upon the topmost stair and towered above the others.

Upon a lower stair stood Arthur Morrow, son of the late Mrs. Halstead by a former marriage. A step or two higher and ascending was Dr. Norton Carr, the old physician of the family. As I approached the stairway my uncle extended his long right arm over the heads of the others and shook his finger at me.

"This is no better than murder!" he cried. "You are responsible for this."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Come here, and I'll show you," he replied in a choking voice.

We entered Jack's bedroom. The poor fellow lay there in his bed, his mortal part reposing in the final sleep. Mr. Halstead paused by the head of the bed and tapped with his finger upon a small table. I came forward and looked down. There lay a little vial containing white tablets and beside it a small tube. There was a label on the vial, and I knew what was marked upon it—"Morphine, one-half grain; Dr. Halstead."

"SUICIDE!" HE REPLIED.

"He got these things of you," said my uncle. "I call it murder. What possible excuse? You knew that he was heartbroken for Dora. She is going away; he has lost her. You have seen how he has been of late."

"I did not give him this," said I. "How can you imagine that I would do such a thing? He took them out of my office."

"And you know it," thundered Mr. Halstead. "You lie to me, and you didn't tell me! You made no effort to save him. Why did you suppose he wanted this poison? Had he any proper need of this drug?"

I shook my head.

"I loved him," said my uncle, laying his hand upon the dead man's breast. "He should have had the bulk of my fortune, and you knew it. You ruined his life"—

"You are mad to say so!" I exclaimed.

He sneered at me.

"Why is that girl going away?" he demanded. "Do you think I don't know? Because a penniless rascal has won her away from my boy here. She couldn't marry you because you hadn't the money to buy her a roof and her bread. But you would have had a little at my death and were content to wait."

"As long as I have known Dora," said I with all the earnestness at my command, "I have never spoken one word of love to her. Do you suppose I would step in and rob Jack? Why, you yourself have praised me for my loyalty to him."

"I was deceived!" he cried. "You were too deep for me. You have caused his death. Look at this."

He picked up from the table a card upon which was written in Jack's hand the simplest possible message, "Goodby, Dora."

The tears sprang to my eyes, but it was necessary to control emotion in this crisis. I turned to Dr. Carr.

"There can be no doubt as to the cause of death?" I asked.

He did not reply in words, but bent forward and tapped the vial with his finger.

"Tell me how it happened," I asked. "Who saw him last?"

It was Thomas, the butler, who replied. He seemed to have risen through the floor at my elbow.

"He was out during the evening, sir," he said. "We don't know where he was. It was near midnight when I let him in. Mr. Morrow was waiting in the library, and Mr. John went in there. I brought them a glass of wine. It seemed to me, if I may make bold to say so, that Mr. John was in better spirits than usual."

"I thought so, too," said Morrow. "We talked awhile of ordinary topics. I didn't notice that Jack was depressed. He seemed quite like his old self. We sat together for half an hour, and then he came up here to bed."

"Does anybody know," I asked, "why he opened this?"

I pointed to an empty box containing some papers. It was open, and a small bunch of keys hung in the lock.

"Is there any indication that he destroyed anything?" I continued.

"Not that I know of," answered Morrow.

There was a moment's silence.

"It may be, sir, that the poison was in there," suggested Thomas. "He wouldn't have kept it lying round the room, sir, and where else should he have been likely to put it?"

"That is probably the explanation," said I. "I wish I'd thought of it before. When he confessed to me that he had taken the bottle from my office I tried to find it. You will readily understand why, Mr. Halstead."

"I understand that you have been criminally negligent," he retorted. "And let me tell you now that I am done with you."

He turned to Arthur and in his characteristic, impulsive, headlong way went on:

"You were never a favorite with me, Arthur, but you're all I've got now. You're the only one bound to me by any tie. Dora Melvin shall have something with a condition." He glanced fiercely at me. "And you'll have the balance, Arthur. Much good may it do you!"

"No money will do any one good that comes in this way," replied Morrow, with a shudder.

"Thomas," said I, addressing the butler, "you let Mr. John Halstead in last night. Did he have anything in his hand?"

"No, sir," he replied.

"Not this, for instance?" said I, laying my hand upon a small package that was on the mantelpiece.

"No, sir," said Thomas. "He brought that in after before yesterday. You remember it, Mr. Morrow," he continued. "He took it into the library where you were writing."

"I had forgotten it," answered Morrow. "Are you sure, Thomas?"

"This is a serious matter," said I, laying my hand on the butler's shoulder. "Do not commit the folly of beginning the affair with a falsehood."

"I don't know why I should, I'm sure, sir," he replied doggedly.

"You saw him take this parcel into the library," I continued. "By the way, does anybody know what's in it?"

My uncle interrupted to ask angrily what all this was about.

"Grant me two minutes," said I. And then I repeated my question.

There was no reply.

"Thomas," said I, "what did young Mr. Halstead do with this parcel after he took it into the library?"

"I saw him untie the string," he answered. "Then he took up a pen from the table, but I didn't see him write anything."

"Did he write anything in the library last evening?" I asked, turning to Morrow, who answered me in the negative.

"Are you sure?" I insisted. "You were there all the time that he was present."

"Yes," was the answer. "He didn't write anything while I was there. Why do you ask?"

"Because this message on the card is written with the ink that is used in the library and not with Jack's stylographic pen. There is no ink in this room that I can see."

"What is the purpose of these questions?" demanded Mr. Halstead.

Without answering him I took up the parcel and removed the wrapper. There was a dainty box within, and upon opening that I discovered a small plaque, beautifully painted. The design was in lilies of the valley, which were Dora's favorite flower.

"Unless I am greatly in error," said I, "this farewell message on the card was intended to be put into this box. It was a parting gift to Dora."

"Its purpose is obvious," said Mr. Halstead. "It lay upon this table, and this bottle of poison was on top of it. It was his last word, poor fellow."

"But why did he buy the plaque?" I insisted. "Was it for you? For me? For Arthur?"

"For her, of course," said Mr. Halstead.

"Then why did not the gift and the message go together?" said I.

No one ventured a reply.

"I will tell you why," I continued. "This card was put into the parcel and was taken out again, but not by Jack."

"By whom, then?" asked my uncle.

"By some one who knew of its existence and perceived that it would answer quite well the purposes of a suicide's last message."

Mr. Halstead caught me by the shoulder.

"Do you mean to charge actual murder?" he cried. "Will you try to shift your own guilt upon another?"

"I charge a willful and deliberate murder," I replied.

"By whom?" he scrounged.

"Let us see," I responded. "He must have swallowed this poison just before retiring. If he did not take it himself in this room he must have done so elsewhere in this house. He drank a glass of wine in the library."

"And you brought it to him?" cried Mr. Halstead, turning upon Thomas.

"Yes, sir," said the servant, calmly. "I served him and Mr. Morrow."

"And you hated him?"

"I did not like him, sir, but I am not a murderer," was the answer.

At this point Dr. Carr put in his word:

"But the man died from these tablets," he said. "They were locked in this private box, and he had the key."

"Thomas," said I, "do you know of any other key to this box?"

The man was pale as paper, but he did not falter.

"Yes, sir," said he. "I happen to have seen Mr. John unlock this box and lock it again and put the key in this drawer."

He stepped forward and opened a small drawer in a desk, from which he took a key.

"I know when you saw him do that," said I. "It is heaven's mercy to you that you saw him. And I saw him too. I counted upon you remembering and upon your honesty, Thomas."

"I try to speak the truth, sir," said the servant.

"And now, Mr. Halstead," said I, "let the facts in this case as you see it, or as you saw it at first. Jack came up here, he opened this box in which he had hidden the vial taken from my office, he dissolved some of the tablets in this tube and drank the drink. Is there any other possible way to explain it?"

"Not certainly not," was the answer.

"Let me picture it for you," said I. "He came to his room in better spirits than usual. He went to bed in the full confidence of waking on the morrow. But instead he sank into a stupor from which he never aroused. When a sufficient time had elapsed a man stole into this room. He took a bunch of keys from Jack's pocket, for he was one who did not know of the other key in that drawer. Had he known of it obviously he would have used it and would not have searched through this bunch for the right one. Time was precious with him.

"Having secured the vial and this card with the farewell message, he put them on this table. Then he stole out again."

"Bah," interrupted Dr. Carr, "who knew the vial was there?"

I pointed to Thomas and then to Morrow.

"One of the men must have known it," said I, "for no one else could have had a motive for this crime. One hated him; the other, knowing that my uncle must soon die, saw a chance of a great inheritance. Which of them is guilty—the one who frankly said, 'I suppose the vial was in that box,' or the one who dared not say what was sufficiently obvious? Who saw Jack write upon that card the other day in the library?"

"This is lunacy!" exclaimed Morrow. "The man is a suicide."

"You killed him," said I, "and now you defile his memory. Arthur Morrow, when I say that this was murder I speak by the book. There is no poison in that vial. I found it days ago. I knew why he was saving it. I changed the tablets for others precisely similar in appearance, but containing a harmless substance flavored with quinine to make it bitter. I said to myself, 'If Jack takes this desperate step he shall have a chance to repent of it.' I did not remove the tablets, for then he would simply have bought others. You don't believe me?"

I seized the vial and emptied the contents into my mouth, crushing the tablets with my teeth.

"If those were what you thought them, Morrow," said I, "my life would not be worth much. Oh, you double villain, I wish you could have got into this box that you might have used these harmless things in your desperate plot! But Jack had the only key you knew of, and you were forced to buy your drug. Arthur Morrow, I charge you with this crime!"

He tried to answer me, but his voice was not articulate. It rose gradually into a scream of terror. Then suddenly he fell forward across the little table, crushing it to the floor.

ARTHUR MORROW, I SPEAK BY THE BOOK."

Chinese Scandal Merchants.

In China there is a profession for ladies, strange because openly and handsomely remunerated in the current coin of the realm. It is carried on by elderly ladies, who go from house to house of rich people, announcing their coming by beating a drum and offering their services to amuse the lady of the house. This offer accepted, they sit down and tell her the latest scandal and the newest stories and on dits and are rewarded at the rate of half a crown an hour, besides a handsome present should some portion of their gossip have proved particularly acceptable.—London Tit-Bits.

Natural Inquiry.

He—I'd like to meet Miss Bond.

She—Why?

"I hear she has thirty thousand a year and no incumbrance."

"Is she looking for one?"—Life.

Money is a bottomless sea in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned.—Kozlay.

CARE FOR SLEEPERS

A CLUB WHERE DOZING MEMBERS ARE NEVER DISTURBED.

There Is a Good Reason For This Custom, Which Is Not Allowed to Be Violated—A Short Sleep Which Culminated In a Tragedy.

There is an exclusive club in upper New York where the employees are forbidden from awakening any member who drops asleep in his chair in the library or sitting room. If a visitor inquires for him he is "out." Other members, if they see him carry on their conversation in low tones or go to the smoking room or cafe. Very few new members are admitted to the club, but those who are fortunate enough to get in or those who bring visitors are reminded of this custom.

A physician who belongs to the club explained the reason of it. "It is wrong, under any circumstances," he said, "to awaken a man who has fallen into a natural sleep. How do you know but it is the first time he has been able to sleep for hours or even days? This phenomenon of sleep is a very complicated one. There are many grades of sleep, and they affect different men in different ways. Dreams are the result of defective or partial sleep, and their common occurrence in the lighter varieties of the state shows that the rest taken by most persons is not profound or continuous even while it lasts.

"Don't you know that scores of persons in New York take a long trolley ride in the evening simply to produce a feeling of sleepiness? If a man looks straight ahead of him or reads a newspaper his ride will do him little good. He might as well remain at home on his front stoop. But if he looks about him, constantly shifting his gaze from one scene to another, he gets into a state of drowsiness such as is brought about by artificial means when it is called hypnotism. That is why so many men feel like dozing in the club after they come in from a ride or a drive in the park.

"Sleep induced by overeating is not natural. That brought about by stimulants is nothing but blood poisoning and stupor. It may be desirable and even necessary in some cases to produce this stupor. But the state into which the brain is thrown is not sleep. If natural sleep follows, it is a contingency and not the effect of the stimulant. But I was going to tell you a story, not deliver a medical lecture. I must not mention names, but many old club men of New York will remember the tragedy.

"There was a man who was quite prominent, both in a business and social way, in the life of this city. A dreadful family misfortune brought on insomnia. He would sometimes go forty-eight hours without sleep; then after a morbid night or two he would not be able to sleep for a week. All his life until his trouble came upon him he had been habitually a heavy sleeper. After two or three months of this insomnia attack his health began to give way. Physicians tried all the usual means of overcoming the difficulty, but failed. He was prescribed sleeping draughts until it became dangerous to continue them longer.

"Then he went to Europe, taking a competent young physician of my acquaintance as companion. Specialists abroad prescribed walking and mountain climbing, but they discovered that there is nothing to be gained by increasing the fatigue of the body when worry of mind will not allow the repose to which the limbs are entitled. The man came home little the better for his trip. He retired from business. His strength wasted away.

"Finally by one of those curious freaks of nature we occasionally caught him dozing at the club. All who knew his misfortune sympathized with him. We moved about as though in a sick chamber until he awoke. He seldom slept more than twenty minutes and told us that his restlessness at night continued. One afternoon he came in positively drowsy. To a friend he said:

"'I feel as though I could sleep for a week—but I can't sleep in my own home—no. Find me a bed here.'

"We got him upstairs to a room and put a man on guard at the door, with instructions to see that no servant was allowed to disturb him or make a noise. An hour or so afterward an accident in the kitchen brought the fire engines up to the door. There was really no danger, but before a ladder could be raised poor Blank's body came tumbling into the area.

"He was killed. Suicide? No. It was the opinion of all of us that sudden awakening from the first sound sleep he had enjoyed for more than a year upset his mind and that when he was awakened by the noise he did not realize where he was. In a frenzy he leaped from the window."—New York Times.

A Curiosity In Nomenclature.

The negroes in the British West Indian island of Grenada find it very difficult to keep track of their descent and their relatives because of a curious custom they follow in naming children. The father's Christian name is given to the son for his surname. Thus, if a man is named John Jones, his son may be called James John and that son's son Robert James and so on to the end of the chapter. Naturally in a few generations families get into a hopeless muddle, and nobody knows exactly to whom he is related.

Gaining a Little.

The discouraged artist stood off from his latest work and viewed it with a gloomy face.

"There's no use talking about it," he said morosely, "I can't paint as well as I did ten years ago."

"Oh yes, you can," said the tried and honest friend to whom he made the confession. "It's only that your taste is improving."

His Point of View.

"I wonder why there are no marriages in heaven," said the sweet young thing.

"Well, heaven's heaven, isn't it?" asked the crusty bachelor.—Detroit Free Press.

WISE MEN'S MISTAKES.

Some of the Queer Blunders Made by Famous Writers.

Now and then one meets with passages in the works of the most celebrated authors which display an ignorance of things that every schoolboy is supposed to know.

Sir Walter Scott in his "Heart of Midlothian" speaks of his heroine as having "the merit of those peacemakers to whom it is pronounced as a benediction that they shall inherit the earth." Born and bred and passing his life in Bible reading Scotland, Sir Walter was yet ignorant of the fact that it was to the meek that the inheritance of the earth was promised, and the benediction of the peacemakers was that they shall be called the children of God."

Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities" says "The name of the strong man of old Scripture descended to the chief functionary who worked the guillotine." One does not have to be a profound student of the French revolution to know that the notorious executioner who chopped off heads in the Place de la Revolution was named Samson and not Samson.

The lowest pupil in the lowest class in history in the public schools knows that it was Balboa who discovered the Pacific ocean, yet Keats in his immortal sonnet "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer" makes Cortes the man who stood "silent upon a peak in Darien" and saw the great South Sea" stretching away before him.

The great Gibbon, who was so intolerant of the errors of other men, speaks in his "Roman Empire" of "the Oxus and the Jaxartes, two rivers of ancient renown which descend from the mountains of India toward the Caspian Sea." Yet every school geography shows that the two rivers flow into the sea of Aral, and the Jaxartes most certainly rises in no "mountains of India."

Shakespeare wrote of "the coast of Bohemia," and in his "Gertrude of Wyoming" Campbell had tigers prowling through the jungles of Pennsylvania. Such ignorance in high places cannot be excused, for, with ordinary ease, Gibbon, Shakespeare and Campbell could have ascertained the facts.

WOMAN.

Woman is the masterpiece.—Confucius.

Shakespeare has no heroes, only heroines.—Ruskin.

Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.—Voltaire.

Woman is the most perfect when the most womanly.—Gladstone.

If woman lost Eden, such as she alone can restore it.—Whittier.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—Lamartine.

Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.—E. S. Barrett.

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.—Saadi.

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.—N. P. Willis.

For where is any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?—Shakespeare.

Heaven has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.—Luther.

"Anglo-Saxon English."

There is an old fallacy that Anglo-Saxon words are the best. The fallacy is based on the belief that words of Anglo-Saxon origin are more simple and vigorous than those derived from Latin. In point of fact, some Anglo-Saxon words are obscure and long, and many of our commonest, most simple words are from the Latin. The London News tells a story in point.

A barrister more remarkable for the vigor of his address to juries than for his learning was commenting on the proceeding of the other party in a case under trial.

"I do not know what gloss my learned friend is going to put upon this matter, but I will not mince my words. I denounce it in plain, downright Anglo-Saxon as a nefarious transaction."

Early Mention of Niagara Falls.

The first historical notices of Niagara falls are given in Lescarbot's record of the second voyage of Jacques Cartier, in the year 1535. On the maps published to illustrate Champlain's discoveries (date of maps either 1613 or 1614) the falls are indicated by a cross, but no description of the wonderful cataract is given, and the best geographical authorities living today doubt if the explorer mentioned ever saw the falls. Brinton's work to the contrary notwithstanding, Father Hennepin is believed to have written the first description of the falls that was ever penned by one who had personally visited the spot.

Solemn Warning.

Uncle Archie—Have you formed an opinion as to the cause of Colonel Hixon's suicide?

Toni—Yes, sir—remorse. His nephew needed money, and the wealthy uncle failed to advance it. The result was that the unhappy young man ran away and was never heard of afterward.—Kansas City Journal.

A Stamp Wasted.

Petishly she stamped her foot. They were standing on the corner. He had offended her in some way. Again she stamped her foot.

"Well," he said slowly, "there is a letter box, but you must know you can't drop your foot in it. You are simply wasting postage."—Judge.

Going Too Far.

Mrs. Boffin—I read in the paper that a woman, in looking after another woman, an to see what she had on, fell out of a window.

Mr. Boffin—Well, that only goes to show that some women in trying to follow the fashions can go too far.—Illustrated Bits.

Occasionally one meets an individual so grouchy that he seems to think he would be arrested for burglary if he broke into a smile.—Ohio State Journal.

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McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 27, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mothers should read Wm. Mopheimer's new advertisement this week.

—Building material is advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week. They carry a very complete line.

—Miss Charlotte McGraw, graduate of Warner's Business College, has secured the position of stenographer for the Bradford Electric R. R.

—Barnum & Bailey's circus, which exhibited at Bradford last Thursday, enjoyed a good patronage. A large delegation from Smethport attended.

—Another attempt was made to call out the waiters and cooks of the principal hotels and restaurants in Chicago on Monday. It was a failure, as only about 10 per cent. of the 9,000 members of the organization went out on strike.

—J. M. Sloan the furniture dealer, has presented the McKean County Historical society with a handsome clock, which has been installed in the society's headquarters in the assembly hall of the Carnegie library.—Bradford Star.

—A man who lives at Portsville claims to have made arrangements to bring 25,000 negro girls from the South to fill the demand in the North for domestic help. Developments will be watched with interest by many who have trouble with servant girls.

—Miss Edith H. Day has received a call to Smethport for the purpose of teaching a class in violin music. Smethport is the center of refinement and musical taste and Miss Day's being called there is an evidence of her accomplishments.—Elk County Gazette.

—William Hinchliffe last Saturday evening at his home in Sinclairville, near Jamestown, poured kerosene oil all over himself in an outhouse and then touched a match to his clothing. He died in great agony the next morning. He had been confined in the Gowanda State Hospital for mental trouble and had been discharged about two months ago.

—If the following from an exchange is true, this man is in hard luck: Robert Murphy, who resides at New Brighton, Pa., complained to Justice James Piper of Beaver Falls that while he was taking a nap on a lounge at his home someone entered the room while his mouth was open and removing his false teeth, carried them away. It seems that when Mr. Murphy had the teeth made he had several of them filled with gold, so as to make them look as if they were his natural teeth, that were, and he thinks it was to obtain this gold that the teeth were stolen.

—Regarding "Mead's Modern Wonder Workers Company," at the Lyceum next Thursday evening, A. C. Dorner, manager of Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, says: "I am confident you will find the attraction a paying one as it is entirely different from the customary theatrical show that the public will welcome the change. Mr. Mead is certainly a wonder, he carries five people with him and has over 3,000 pounds of special apparatus. Program includes 'The Wizard's Supper,' 'The Velvet Cloth Mystery,' 'The Magician's Flower Garden,' 'The Hindoo Sack Mystery,' 'Second Sight and Mind Reading Tests,' 'The Floating Lady,' 'Mysterious Disappearances,' 'Hypnotic Suspension,' concluding with 'The Cremation.'"

Identity of Ideas.

Yabsley—I have always had an idea that after a couple had been married for some time even their thoughts became to a great degree identical. Am I right, Peck?

Mr. N. Peck—You are. About this time my wife is thinking over what she'll say to me for coming home so late, and so am I.

Helping Him.

Intrepid Widow—Speaking of conundrums, Mr. Slocum, here's a good one. Why is the letter "d" like a wedding ring?

Procrastinating Bachelor—Oh, I'm no good at conundrums.

Intrepid Widow—You give it up? Why, because "we" can't be "wed" without it!

A Small Boy's Knowledge.

A small boy whose examination papers included a question as to the origin of the alphabet gave the following answer: "Anglo-Saxon was the first man who wrote the alphabet. He wrote it in Greek first and then came to America and taught it to the nation."

The Blind Physician.

The Doctor—You would have an attack of brain fever but for one thing.

Impatient Patient—And what's that?

The Doctor—The fact that nature made you an immune from that particular variety of fever.—Baltimore American.

A Wingless Angel.

Bilson—Jimson seems to be devoted to his wife.

Timson—No wonder; she is the most angelic creature I ever saw. Why, I believe she could even keep a girl.—New York Weekly.

Presumptive Evidence.

"But—how do you know he went to heaven?"

"Kaze the mule kicked him that way, an' he hain't never come down yit!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Pity of It.

These people who know all about the stock market find how it is going never tell you until it is gone.—Chicago Tribune.

Correspondence.

FARMERS VALLEY.

The dance which was held in Tyler's hall last Monday evening was not very well attended, owing to the condition of the weather. Keating's orchestra of Olean furnished the music.

Mrs. Ellen Quay and son, Louis, of Olean are visiting at the home of her brothers, Charles and John Highland.

Mrs. Lottie George and sister, Miss Jennie Otto, of Allegany are visiting at the home of their father, Geo. Otto.

Several of our people attended the excursion to Portage Falls last Sunday and all report a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Welch of Dunkirk are visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Miss Annie Stratton of the county seat visited Miss Nellie McGill last Monday.

Miss Elizabeth Hewitt of Washington, D. C., is visiting her parents in town.

Miss Opal Fields of Hazelhurst attended the Grange picnic Monday.

Mrs. Lizzie Digel is entertaining her aged parents from England.

The Ancient Girdle.

In Rome a man's investiture of his girdle showed that he was intent on work of some nature. When he took it off and let his tunic fall it was patent to all that business was over and that he was free to speak to his friends at his and their leisure. Thus the girdle served a purpose—negative in its character, of course, but a purpose nevertheless. Its sphere of usefulness did not end here. It was figurative of property. When a man or woman put off his or her girdle it was a token of renunciation of some right or privilege. The widow of Philip I., duke of Burgundy, for instance, renounced her right of succession by "putting off her girdle on the duke's tomb." Per contra, the princes of Ireland in taking the oath of fealty to King John, laid aside their girdles, their skeans and their caps. "In the ceremony of excommunication," says a writer, "the bishop cut or tore away from the culprit the girdle that was about him and the newly made husband in Rome took from his wife the maiden girdle of sheep's wool in which she was bound up to the day of her marriage."—Chambers' Journal.

Good Points in Dogs.

Among the many canine qualities worthy of imitation a lover of the "four footed brothers" emphasizes their contented resignation to the circumstances of life. Dogs, he says, do not go about trying to do good to other dogs by urging them to bark in the same key and bite with the same tooth as themselves, nor, which is a merciful provision of nature, do they become bored by the people with whom their lot is cast and want to try a new master every few months. Whatever the disadvantages of their homes may be, they stand by them and make a cheerful best of it. Over and again a dog puts his heart before his outraged stomach and lets his affections dominate his indigestion rather than desert his master for a better board. Many a master concludes the dog champion would do well to emulate in points like these the meanest of his "little yellow curs."

How to Take Coffee.

The London Lancet commends the practice of drinking coffee after dinner, as coffee is an antidote to alcohol. Those whose digestions are disturbed by the use of hot coffee are advised to secure the advantages of its stimulating properties by taking it in the form of jelly. We are assured that a clear coffee jelly after dinner is every bit as good as the hot infusion, while it is free from some of its drawbacks. Coffee, unlike alcohol, diminishes organic waste, rouses the muscular energy without the collapse which follows alcoholic imbibition, and gelatin in the form of jelly is cooling, assuages thirst, is soothing and has a tendency to absorb any excessive acidity of the stomach.

The Yankees of Portugal.

"Observe them, senor," said a hotel keeper in Lisbon to one of his English guests. "They are the Yankees of Portugal."

He indicated a group of Brazilians, consisting of a prosperous sugar planter, his wife, who literally blazed with diamonds, and two pretty daughters.

"They regard Portugal as their old country, for they broke away from us as the Americans broke away from you. They make immense fortunes in Brazil and come here to spend them, just as the American millionaires go to England."

How a Chinaman Buys Eggs.

Many Chinamen frequent Philippine markets and are good patrons, as many have restaurants and need large supplies. A Chinaman usually buys a number of eggs and always carries with him to market a small tin pail full of water to test their usefulness. If the egg falls to the bottom of the pail it is good; if it rises to the top it is bad and is refused, only to be carefully wiped off by the vender and put back in stock to catch a customer without the pail.

Anticipating Him.

"Jenkins, I believe you have some of the elements of success about you."

"Not a dollar, old man. Honor bright. You'd be welcome to it if I had."—Stray Stories.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

The Uneeda Puff Food Co., La Roy, N. Y.

Unexpected Humor.

In my early days I once tried to engage as model a big negro who made a living out of chewing glass in saloons, barrooms for the entertainment of those gathered there.

"I want to paint you," I said, when he had taken round the hat after his performance.

"What cullah, boss?" he asked suspiciously.

"Why, natural color, of course," I replied. "I want to paint your face, you know."

"Yah, I'se not taking any, boss," he said firmly. "The cullah I'se got is good enough for this chile."

I once nearly got hammered for making a colored sketch from life of a very respectable golf caddie in an attitude of ease, subsequently adding a street corner as a background and sending it to an exhibition under the title "A Loafer." The man came round to see me in a violent rage, said he was "a bloomin', respectable, 'igh class golf caddie and no loafer," and if I didn't alter the title of that dashed picture he'd either put his solicitor on to me or jolly well bash me.

Oh, yes; there's a lot of humor about if you only look for it in places where you don't expect to find it.—Tom Browne in Booklovers' Magazine.

The Hundred and Fifty-first Psalm.

Your Bible, if it is of the regulation sort, closes the book of Psalms with the One Hundred and Fiftieth. In the Greek Bible, however, there is another, entitled "A psalm of David, after he had slain Goliath." Athanasius praises it very highly in his "Synopsis of the Holy Scriptures." It was versified by Apollinarius, Alexandrius, A. D. 360, and a Latin translation of it may be found in the works of Fabricius. The English translation is by Baring-Gould, the well known antiquarian:

PSALM CLI.

1. I was small among my brethren, and growing up in my father's house, I kept his sheep.

2. My hands made the organ and my fingers shaped the psaltery.

3. And who declared unto my Lord, He, the Lord, he heard all things.

4. He sent his angels and they took me from my father's sheep. He anointed me in mercy from his unction.

5. Great and goodly are my brethren, but with them God was not well pleased.

6. I went to meet the (giant) stranger, and he cursed me by all his idols.

7. But I smote off his head with his own drawn sword, and I blotted out the reproach of Israel.

The Bee and His Useful Sting.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging, says a bee raiser. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches on their artistic cell work by the dexterous use of their stings, and during this final finishing stage of the process of honey making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey.

This is in reality the poison of their sting. This formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor and also imparts to it its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.

A Bird That's Hard to Kill.

Penguins have an extraordinary amount of vitality and are harder to kill than any ordinary cat. The writer once had occasion to kill a large bird aboard his ship, the Southern Cross, and, making use of the weapon next his hand, he drove a large spike squarely through the creature's head and finished the operation by nailing it fast to the deck. That seemed to make the job very complete, and he went below decks for dinner. Coming up an hour later, his astonishment was prodigious on beholding the penguin, head erect, flippers out, waddling about, apparently without thought of the spike, which still remained transfixed in his cranium.

A Dangerous Item.

"I see that choice Bengal tigers have been marked down to $1,000 each."

"For goodness' sake, don't let my wife read that paragraph! Here's my knife. Cut it out. If those tigers are on the bargain counter she'd want at least two."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It takes a mighty good speller to write with some one looking over his shoulder.—Atchison Globe.

Baby Costs Too Much

When the price paid is the mother's health and happiness. The father doesn't realize as he romps with the child what years of wifely suffering must be set against the baby's laughter.

Chronic invalidism is a high price to pay for the painful joy of maternity, yet it is at such a cost that many a woman becomes a mother. Such a price is too much because it is more than nature asks.

By the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription maternity is made practically painless, and a quick convalescence is assured in almost every case.

"I am pleased to give my testimony and wish I could find words strong enough to induce other sufferers to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. Wesley Guy, of Kemptville, Ont., Box 6. "For eight years after my little boy was born I suffered with female weakness, also soreness in ovaries, especially on my right side, and pain in back. Was so miserable sometimes did not know what I was going to do. Tried several doctors but derived no benefit until I began using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Had only used four bottles, also some of Dr. Pierce's Antiseptic and Healing Suppositories, when I felt like another person. I recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to all my friends. If anyone wishes to write me I will gladly answer."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

The dealer who offers a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" does so to gain the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. His profit is your loss; therefore, accept no substitute.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate the bowels.

The Right Side of Paint

The practical painter says, there are two sides to every question, but the man who always uses

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

both inside and outside is on the right side of the paint question.

Patton's Sun-Proof Paints are prepared in the Patton proportions which produces a paint unlike any other in durability, beauty and covering qualities. It resists the action of heat and cold; holds its gloss. Guaranteed to wear for five years. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

"Coff-Nuts"

A New Substitute for Coffee.

Made from good ground-ground nuts, buttered butter-nuts, and selected hips, haws and paw-paws, mixed with crisp, sweet flakes of Takachewa, the modern brau-food. The very latest production of the Insanitarium. Boiled for 2½ hours, it cannot be distinguished from Roastem, Hikahika, Coffeyetta, Hip-yip or Library Paste. Makes sick men well, well men sick and dead men thankful. Why eat real food when there is more money in substitutes?

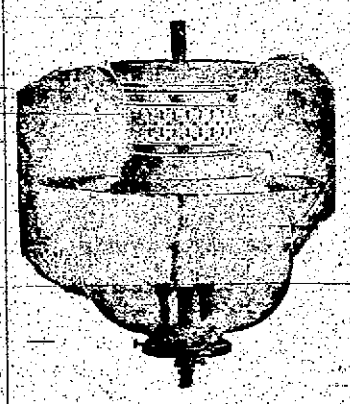
However, if your imagination is inactive, and you prefer genuine coffee straight from the tree, drink "C. & S. coffee." At

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG.

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column, per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 27, 1903.

Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER.
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

LORD SALISBURY, the noted statesman of Great Britain, died in London on Saturday last. This was the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into public life as a member of the House of Commons. By his ability he raised himself to a position of official eminence second only to that of the King, and throughout Great Britain and its vast colonies there is great sorrow over his death.

THE Barnum & Bailey shows gather in immense numbers of silver dollars. At DuBois they paid in silver, the local agent of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway the sum of $1,500, transportation charges over that road from Clarion Junction to Butler. The stack of bags containing the silver dollars had the effect of almost converting several free silver men, who were present, to a preference for a less cumbrous medium of exchange than the white metal.—Bradford Era.

ANOTHER minister advocates lynching as a remedy for the crime of fiends who assault girls and women. He is located at Old Orchard, and he has written a lengthy article to the New Orleans Picayune, in which he criticizes Justice Brewer's remarks on the same subject. The Maine preacher says: "So long as our criminal courts are used as debating chambers for ambitious lawyers, who, by meaningless legalities, can stretch out the trial of a murderer until everyone is so weary as to desire the end at any cost; so long as the political quill extends to within reach of even murderers' row, what hypocrisy to rail at the impatience of an outraged community! The lynching in Wilmington, Del., was atrocious and horrible. It is far more horrible to think of a pure young girl crawling on hands and knees for five hours, blind by inches. And how could one temperately consider the possibility of a year or two respite for the fiend that killed her—a year or two of safety and comfort, with doubtless a few bouquets and compliments toward the end, if the end comes at all. Some of our judges, newspaper editors and people do not know the Scriptures, nor the Word of God, nor the mind and power of God; and let him deny the Word of God who dare! Therefore, viewed in the light of God's Word from Genesis to Revelation, Justice Brewer's statement that 'every lyncher is a murderer' is wickedly false as it is consummately ignorant."

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22, 1903.

As part of the general scheme to bring discredit upon President Roosevelt's administration two New York papers have within the past week given great prominence to articles sadly at variance with the facts but likely to be very generally circulated and believed. The first of these appears in an ostensibly Republican paper, but one dominated by Wall street interests and pledged to defeat the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt at the next convention, if that be possible. These stories, which bear every semblance of truth, are to the effect that the President has inaugurated a systematic investigation of the relations between union labor and the employes of all the executive departments of the government with a view to discrediting organized labor.

These stories are, however, entirely without foundation as the President has not, nor does he intend to order such an investigation. The meager facts on which the allegation is based have been related in these letters before. After the William Miller case in the government printing office was brought to the special attention of the President, he wrote to Secretary Cortelyou a letter, pointing out that there was no legal warrant for discrimination between union and non-union labor in the executive departments and cited the decision of the anthracite coal strike commission as a principle to be adopted. A copy of this letter Mr. Roosevelt caused to be sent to the head of each department for his personal guidance, should a similar question arise. In the course of the discussion of the Miller incident representations were made to the President that the cost of printing and binding in the government office was excessive and it was alleged that this was due to the rules of the unions limiting the daily output of each of their members. Mr. Roosevelt then instructed that an investigation of the methods of the office be instituted and that investigation has been quietly and thoroughly conducted by a committee specially appointed for the purpose. This committee, in the course of its inquiry, asked of various members of the cabinet their experiences with union labor, the request for information being purely incidental to the investigation they were conducting, and on this flimsy pretext is based the allegation. The whole animus in the series of Washington dispatches printed by the paper referred to was shown recently when side by side with the list of them was printed a dispatch from Chicago saying that the stationary engineers' union had pledged themselves to defeat Mr. Roosevelt in the convention if possible, but if not, at the polls. The hope of the publication printing these dispatches is that the Republican politicians may be led to believe that the President has incurred the enmity of the labor organizations and that his nomination would mean defeat for the party.

Another story appearing in the Washington dispatches of a Democratic paper of prominence is to the effect that Secretary Hitchcock has been charged with corruption by the Mayor of Lawton, Oklahoma, and that the President is about to begin an investigation of his Secretary of the Interior. The alleged corruption has been described in detail but may be summarized as follows. It is stated that Secretary Hitchcock, after receiving a sum of several hundred thousand dollars from the sale of lots and improvements in the towns of Lawton, Anadarko and Hobart, caused the same to be deposited in banks and trust companies in St. Louis, the directors and stockholders of which were friends of the secretary, and that the secretary had delayed the construction of public improvements in these towns, the cost of which it was intended that these funds should defray in order that his friends might profit by the interest.

When seen by our correspondent Secretary Hitchcock stated emphatically that the funds referred to had all been placed in the United States sub-treasury at St. Louis. The delay in constructing the desired and needed improvements was explained by the fact that in practically every instance honesty and good judgment necessitated the rejection of the bids accepted by the local authorities and in order that creditable and permanent public improvements might be had the secretary sent to the scene experts of the geological survey who are now engaged in making surveys and preparing specifications, such being evidently needed to prevent the erection of extensive water works in locations where no adequate water supply is obtainable, and similar serious blunders.

The irresponsible character of the allegations is still further shown by the fact that the alleged "charges" made to the President consisted merely of a petition, reciting the urgent necessity of the desired public improvements, together with the fact that the necessary funds were in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior and urging the President to expedite the matter in so far as he might find it practicable. No charge of fraud was contained in the petition which the President promptly forwarded to Secretary Hitchcock without recommendation or request for further information.

Discouraging news comes from Oyster Bay with regard to the proposed financial legislation. So far from reaching an agreement likely to prove acceptable to the Republican leaders of both houses in the Senate sub-committee that the President has abandoned all idea of urging upon Congress, in his message to the special session, the advisability of any form of financial enactment. The members of the sub-committee are still working, as individuals, however, but with little apparent prospect of reaching any agreement which will command unanimous support.

No authentic news has been received from Bogota regarding the Panama canal treaty since the report that it had been rejected, as drafted, by the Colombian Senate. The administration is hopeful, however, that the Senate will reconsider its action as it has been known to do under similar circumstances on several previous occasions.

Excursion to Niagara Falls and Toronto Fair.

On Tuesdays, September 1 and 8, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run low rate excursions to Niagara Falls and the Toronto fair from the following points at the fares given below:

Clermont to Falls $2.50, to Toronto, $4.00, 8:40 a. m.; Colegrove to Falls $2.50, to Toronto $4.00, 8:56 a. m.; Crosby to Falls $2.50, to Toronto $4.00, 9 a. m.; Smethport to Falls $2.25, to Toronto $3.75, 9:14 a. m.; Larabee to Falls $2.15, to Toronto $3.65, 9:47 a. m.

Children between 5 and 12 years of age, half rate.

Niagara Falls tickets will be accepted for passage going on trains scheduled above, September 1 and 8, and returning by regular trains on day of sale and day following.

Toronto tickets will be accepted for passage going on trains scheduled above, September 1 and 8, for return passage on all regular steamers and trains for 5 days, including day of sale.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between J. C. Stull and John Youmans of Crosby, McKean County, Pa., under the firm name of Stull & Youmans, was dissolved on the 19th day of August, A. D. 1903, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said firm are to be paid to the said J. C. Stull, and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

J. C. STULL,
JNO. YOUMANS.

THE FAMOUS

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE, Smethport, Pa.

MOTHERS

No matter how rough your boy is on his clothes

WE HAVE SUITS

and Shoes and Shirt Waists for just such youngsters.

You can get here the BEST suit for $4.00, and a real good one for $2.50.

50c for a Mother's Friend Shirt Waist, 50c.

They have detached belts to make washing easy, and riveted buttons so the boy can't tear 'em off.

$1.35 SCHOOL SHOE $1.35

If you would spend $2.00 for a pair you could positively get none better than these at $1.35.

Wm. Monheimer.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS.

SOMETHING NEW IN STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W DICKERSON.

Do you wear the J. K. Shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $30,000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar, and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts

respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

No Use Waiting for Hard Times to Come.

BUY THAT BUILDING LOT NOW.

Leave Five or Ten Dollars a month with us and you will have a place ready for a home to be built on in the spring.

Remember

we have building lots in this borough for sale at very reasonable prices and on easy terms.

Plot of these lots showing size, price and location may be seen at the Postoffice, Court House and Bank and other business places. Particulars from officers of the company or inquire at Bank.

SMETHPORT LAND & IMPROVEMENT COMPANY L'T'D.

W. P. WALSH, President. D. M. BRASTED, Treasurer. GUY McCOY, Secretary.

If This Doesn't Bring You You're Out of Town

This morning we shall begin a sale on

Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing

that shall stand as a record breaker for time to come. We would rather count dollars than Goods. Therefore we are going to trade everything for dollars that we possibly can. That is why so many Suits are going to be sold at such low prices. If you don't come in you certainly out of town.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Go to the store of

D. C. YOUNG

for

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

Same will be closed out at cost, without discount, to make room for fall goods.

All other merchandise will be discounted as heretofore advertised. These discounts are much better than trading stamps and my increased sales during the last few weeks show that customers appreciate the same.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., July 27, 1903.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

ORDER NOW.

You may order that suit by mail if you cant come personally. Out of town folks are handicapped somewhat.

Can't come right away when we advertise cut prices, and so we continue our semi-annual clearance sale all July.

All Summer Clothing Reduced.

Men's Suits, Trousers, Boys' Suits, Shirts, Underwear, etc., to prices about ¼ less.

No profit left. We know that.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY

"Gold and Silver" Brand Shirt Waists, Shirts & Collars. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Ask for
Cash Tickets
redeemable in Chinaware.
Or
Red Trading Stamps.

Our Great
August Clearance Sale

which commenced last Saturday is now in full bloom. The rare bargains offered in every department are attracting the people.

Saturday, Sept. 5,

is the last day of this great money saving sale. Come before it is too late.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

An Unassailable Position.

Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only through Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of; the best that anybody can make. As a result the Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends and customers than any other gas range on the market. Come in and see them.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 21 1903

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—D. C. Young has had the brick walk in front of his store relaid.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Curran, on Friday, August 21st, a son.

—The bowling alley will be opened next Monday evening after a week's shut down for repairs.

—A number of young people held a very pleasant little dancing party at the hose house Tuesday evening.

—Mead's Modern Wonder Workers Company will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum next Thursday evening.

—Maurice Hall was in DuBois last week making preparations to place a cap on the tank in the glass factory at that place.

—Eldred vs. Smethport at Kane field this afternoon. The Eldred aggregation is confident of winning this game, but will they do it?

—Several men were "touched" at the circus in Bradford last Thursday. No Smethport people were among the unlucky ones, however.

—Mrs. J. B. Eastman entertained a number of ladies of the Eldred Shakespeare Club at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—"Grapes of Gall" is the Rev. Gaylard Patterson's subject for Sunday evening at the Methodist church. His morning subject is, "The Sympathy of Christ."

—Smethport and suburbs furnished a large crowd on the excursion to Portage Falls last Sunday, most of whom received a severe drenching before they got home.

—McKean Brothers' sawmill was shut down for the season last Saturday, all the logs to be had having been sawed. The mill will be run again next summer which will be its last season.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford opens for the fourth year August 31. This school is very successful and we would adviso our readers to see Prof. Warner before going elsewhere.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. advertise their great August clearance sale in this issue. The real bargains offered at this sale are attracting large crowds to this popular store. Remember the sale ends Saturday, September 5.

—The Austin papers are claiming that Unipire J. L. Morrison of this place robbed them on their own grounds in the game with our boys at the sawdust city on Tuesday of last week. To anyone who has witnessed or played a game of ball in Austin this is too ridiculous.

Miss Charlotte Barr entertained a number of girl friends at the residence of Hon. Henry Hamlin yesterday afternoon. Miss Folger of Geneva and Miss Brainerd of Syracuse were the guests of honor.

—For some unknown reason the crosswalks in this borough are not promptly cleaned after a heavy rain has covered them with mud. Many people would like to know who is to blame for this condition.

—Some of the glass men in this section, who are generally pretty near right in their prognostications, say that most of the window glass factories that start on or about September first will not run any great length of time.

—The friends of B. D. Ames gave him a very pleasant surprise on Friday last, the occasion being the 55th anniversary of his birth. Many handsome and useful presents were tendered him. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess.

—The last day for registering in order to vote at the coming election is Wednesday, September 2. See that your name is on the registry list before that date. Saturday, October 3, is the last day to pay taxes in order to vote in November.

—The Grange picnic held at Farmers Valley on Monday was very lightly attended, owing to the heavy storm that morning. Had the weather conditions been good it would have been well patronized because a good program had been prepared.

—R. B. McCarty, owner of the bowling alley, will, within a short time, place the Backus patent pin setter, a mechanical appliance which greatly facilitates the work of replacing the pins.—Coudersport Enterprise. This clever device, invented by J. O. Backus of this place, is sure to be a winner.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The subject for the lesson will be, "Samson, the Nazarite." A selection of anthems will be sung at the evening service. From the first Sunday in September the evening service will be at 7:30 o'clock.

—Quite a large number of passengers on the B., B. & K. Ry., bound for Bradford last Thursday afternoon, were forced to wait over an hour at Ormsby on account of the carelessness of some of the officials in failing to give orders where the two trains should pass. This sort of business management soon loses a railroad whatever popularity it may have with the traveling public.

—Mackanee Tribe, I. O. R. M., of this place held a picnic at Island Park last Thursday afternoon. A large number of Red Men and their families from Crosby assisted the local Indians in making the picnic a success. One of the leading attractions was a base ball game between teams made up from the Crosby and Smethport Indians. The game was warmly contested and in the seventh inning when the game was called on account of the loss of all the balls the score stood 11 to 4 in favor of the home players. The picnic was not so largely attended as expected on account of Barnum's circus in Bradford, but a goodly crowd was there and all had a most delightful time.

—Elwood Gaskin has purchased the shaving parlors and bath rooms of Alfred Sturdivant and will conduct that business in the future. He has employed a first-class tonsorial artist to take charge of his new place, which is known as the City Shaving Parlors, and will continue to run his news and fruit stand. He will divide his time between the two places.

—Sir Thomas Lipton has been elected an honorary member of the Eureka Yacht Club of Newark, N. J., for rescuing Rear Commodore Zeigler and a party of friends from a cat-boat, which was disabled July 2 last. The boat met with disaster in a squall while sailing near the Erin's anchorage at Sandy Hook. Sir Thomas headed the rescuing party in a launch from his yacht.

—Dan Patch broke the world's record for pacers by pacing a mile in 1:56 at Brighton beach last week. A stiff breeze struck the horse fairly in the face during the trial and the track was a little slow, but the effect of the wind was discounted by sending a runner in front while the second runner galloped alongside. The record beats that of 1:59¼, made by Star Pointer in 1899.

—Trains on the P., S. & N. R. R. were prevented from making their runs to Larabee on Tuesday, owing to the condition of the Crossmire bridge across Cole creek. The high water undermined an abutment of the temporary structure so that it was impossible to cross with the first two trains over the bridge and passengers were transferred from the P. R. R. to this place. The damage was sufficiently repaired so that the evening train made the run to Larabee.

—Lou Dillon, the beautiful California trotting mare, broke the world's trotting record at Readville, Mass., on Monday. She made the mile in two minutes, flat. Lou made the first quarter in 30¼, the half in 1:00¾, the three-quarters in 1:31 and the last quarter in 29 seconds, thus making the mile in the wonderful time of two minutes. Her driver, Millard Saunders, says he fully expects to drive the mare a mile in 1:59 or better before the season is over. The best previous record was 2:03¼, made by Cresceus.

—Chauncey W. Carter, an employe of the Emery Oil Company, died yesterday morning at his home in Aiken, the result of injuries sustained on Tuesday while engaged in pulling rods at a well near Allen's Switch. Carter stood near the bull wheel in order to guide the rope used in pulling the rods, when his clothing became caught by the pins of the wheel, hurling him over the shaft against one of the uprights with great force. The deceased was aged 29 years and is survived by his widow and an infant child. The funeral will be held at Port Allegany to-morrow.

—The labor difficulty at Galeton has been adjusted and again the woodworking industries of the town are in full operation. Thursday last the condition of affairs at Galeton were brought to the attention of F. H. Goodyear of the Goodyear Lumber Company. He visited Galeton, called a meeting of the workmen and in less than five minutes a settlement was effected, by which the men returned to work on the same scale under which they previously worked, which the new superintendent of the log trains intended to reduce. The log train crews went to work Saturday and Monday the mills and factories resumed operation.—Coudersport Enterprise.

Tuttle-Holmes.

Miss Lucy Sarah Holmes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes of Coryville and Mr. Orvel Delano Tuttle of Coryville were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents Wednesday, August 26, 1903.

Just before noon the bride, attired in a beautiful white organdie over blue taffeta silk, her arm resting lightly on the arm of her father, marched in the room to the soft strains of the wedding march, where she was met by the groom, and Rev. J. Heber McCandless, rector of St. Luke's church, Smethport, pronounced the words which made them man and wife.

After the ceremony was performed the happy couple and a large party of friends and relatives partook of a delicate wedding breakfast, and Mr and Mrs. Tuttle received the congratulations of their many friends. Both are highly accomplished and charming young people and they received many handsome and costly presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle drove to Port Allegany yesterday afternoon where they took the Pennsylvania flyer for their honeymoon trip. Upon their return they will make their home in Ridgway.

Chance for Miner Readers.

COUPON

This coupon entitles the holder to one 50c package of Dr. Howards specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia at half-price, 25c. We will refund the money to any dissatisfied purchaser.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Dr. Howard's specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia is not an unknown remedy. It has made many remarkable cures right here in Smethport and so positive is Druggist John W. Voorhees of its great superiority in curing dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache and liver troubles that he will in addition to selling it at half price, refund the money to anyone whom it does not cure.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Ross Colegrove returned Monday from Colegrove.

S. W. Hubbard of Newton was in town Monday.

Mrs. Geo. Hyde came home from Emporium Monday.

Dr. E. R. Baker and J. L. Morrison drove to Kane Saturday.

Miss Anna Haley has gone to Atlantic City for an extended visit.

G. B. Mayo visited Eldred on Sunday to attend the Loop funeral.

Chas. H. Brown of Hazelhurst was a visitor in town Monday evening.

William Blake of Eldred was a Smethport visitor the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher McLee of Johnsonburg are visiting in town.

Webster Hopper left Saturday for a visit at Belmont and Hornellsville.

E. R. Mayo and F. D. Gallup were in Eldred yesterday on legal business.

Miss Julia Gaynor of Clermont is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Reilly.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce left Tuesday for an extended visit with friends in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield returned Saturday evening from a visit to Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Mott Peters of Buffalo are guests of Smethport friends this week.

Miss Ethel Tull and Miss Rachel Mayo return home from a visit to Wellsville to-day.

Mrs. H. L. Strong of Friendship, N. Y., is the guest of her son, F. W. Strong.

I. B. Baker and daughter, Miss Flora, of Port Allegany were visitors in town Tuesday.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove and daughter, Ellanora, are visiting relatives in Corry this week.

Mrs. C. S. King of Port Allegany was the guest of friends in town several days this week.

Mrs. John Green and Mrs. Samuel Porter attended the circus at Bradford last Thursday.

Thos. Todd and Miss Maude Valentine of Port Allegany spent Sunday with friends in town.

T. H. Morrison and T. H. Purtle attended the league base ball meeting at Eldred Tuesday.

Miss Ida Bennett of Farmers Valley was the guest of Mrs. F. C. Pierce the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin of Bolivar attended the funeral of Mrs. A. D. Provin yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Burdick and son, Fred, of Pittsburg are visiting C. A. Burdick and family.

Mrs. Caroline Wells and granddaughter, Olive Wells, of Harrisburg are visiting Mrs. C. A. Burdick.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall Osborne of Hazelhurst were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin over Sunday.

Albert Nicholas and Chas. Hubbard of Kane were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James McKean a few days this week.

Miss Maude Irons departed on Monday for Buffalo, where she will take a three years' course as nurse at the Erie County Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Pierce, Jr., and Mrs. A. H. Pierce were in Coudersport this week to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

W. O. Hamlin, Dan Bacon, R. C. Gleason, Chas. McKean and E. T. Daly left Saturday for an extended fishing trip in Canada.

Mrs. John Eagan and children, Gale and Margaret, and Miss Margaret Emery of New Castle are the guests of John G. Todd and family.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Howard of Boston, who have been visiting relatives in town, left Monday for a visit in Coudersport before returning home.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy, Mrs. B. D. Hamlin, Miss Cummings, Miss Dora Keenan and Misses Helen and Ruth Forrest attended the Tuttle-Holmes wedding at Coryville yesterday.

S. H. Cleveland and wife leave Monday to attend the annual conclave of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar, of the State of New York to be held in Buffalo Sept. 1st and 2nd. They will also visit the Toronto Fair before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Hall departed yesterday via the horse and buggy route for a week's visit with Alfred, N. Y., relatives. Upon their return home they will be accompanied by Misses Bessie and Hattie, daughters of Mr. Hall, who have been visiting there for some time.

Mrs. W. H. Husted and two children, Ruth and Elizabeth, of East Charleston, Pa., and Mrs. F. J. Wood and two daughters, Ora and Hazel, of Westfield, Pa., are visiting at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Youmans; also with A. L. Youmans of this place and M. L. Youmans of Ormsby.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 22, 1903:

John P. Eoklund, Geo Cosper, Miss Grace Hickey, Dan McDonald, Miss Masur, John Postle, E. Roland.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. O. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Your Old Lawn Mower

Does it need sharpening or repairing? Phone us, we can do it.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

BEST VALUES—YELLOW TRADING STAMPS BESIDES.

Shirt Waists Half Price.
Parasols Half Price.

AUGUST BLANKET SALE.

There's decided economy in buying Cotton Fleeced Blankets early this year.

Months ago before the big advance in raw cotton had affected the price of manufactured goods we placed a large order for blankets to be delivered when ready.

150 prs. of them are here now and they are as fine a lot of fleeced blankets as you ever looked upon. We saved in the buying about 15 per cent over the fellow who delayed his purchases until the usual blanket buying time.

This saving is yours if you make your selections while this lot lasts.

The prices run like this:

10-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair 50c
10-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair, 65c
10-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, pink, fancy plaids and stripes, per pair, $1.00
11-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair, $1.00
12-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair, $1.25
11-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair, $1.35
12-4 Blankets, gray, tan and white, per pair, $1.75

There is a clear saving of from 15c to 25c per pair on this lot. Buy them now.

"Seeing is Believing"

If YOU will let us show YOU samples of our

BUILDING MATERIAL

and quote you prices. We will convince you that you NEED some of our goods. All we ask is a trial.

A Little More About

Ruberoid Roofing. It is used throughout Afraica and other tropical climates, because it will not melt from great heat, whether it be from the sun or from a furnace. Standard for twelve years. Its wearing qualities are unequalled by any other roofing, whether of wood, metal or composition. Water proof, acid proof and fire resisting. Easily applied. An unapproachable factory and mill roofing. For sale only by

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Diamonds and Watches

are a good investment if bought right. I guarantee every piece that leaves the store will refund the money on demand if you can beat our prices, or are not satisfied with the purchase. My prices are the lowest. I live and let live.

At the present time I am showing an eleline of Cut Glass and Sterling Silver for wedding presents.

Strictly One Price.
Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,
Bradford, Pa.

Hagberg & Sherburne's New Meat Market

is the place where everything is neat and clean, and every branch of the business is run in a first-class manner.

We have bought and completely renovated the Hussey Market on Main street and now we are prepared to supply our customers with the choicest of meats, fish, poultry, etc., at very reasonable prices, and we guarantee every article bought at our market to be the best to be had.

Come and look over our market and stock, and we are certain that you will be our customer in the future.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

MRS. DANIEL'S WAY

By Epes W. Sargent

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.

Carlisle said something about trains that could not possibly be construed as praise for the L. and G. The baggage master regarded him with sleepy amusement.

"You can't say anything that ain't been said before," he advised, "the train is five hours late and won't be in till 8 o'clock. Yesterday it was 6:23, and Monday it got in two hours after the local noon train left. Better go to sleep. I'll wake you when I hear the whistle."

Then the blue jumpered figure turned over on the counter and presently his gentle snores were added to the monotonous ticking of the clock.

Carlisle was too nervous to heed the advice and sleep. He had driven seven miles across country to meet the overland that was to pass the junction at 3 o'clock in the morning. Now he was told that he might have had five hours more of the comfortable bed he had been forced to leave at midnight.

Presently there was the noise of sleigh bells, and a cutter drew up alongside of the platform. Carlisle glanced with interest at the slight figure that stepped out, and then, as the driver showed no disposition to aid her with a heavy satchel, he went but with a courteous offer of assistance.

"Has the overland gone through yet?" she inquired eagerly.

Carlisle gave a short laugh. "At last reports," he said easily, "the overland will pass through hereabout 8 o'clock, but my informant," with a nod in the direction of the snoring baggage master, "did not state whether it was last night's or tonight's that was expected."

By this time she had removed her heavy wraps and veil, and Carlisle could see the look of disappointment that clouded her pretty face. "The junction train was snowed in, and I hired a farmer to drive me over in his cutter."

"The junction train," said Carlisle, "suffers from the same complaint as those on the main line. Since we are here until morning may I invite you to sup with me?"

He drew from his satchel two sandwiches and solemnly offered her one. "I can assure you," he said, "that one is eminently satisfying. They are a last tribute from the hotel keeper."

She laughed as she accepted the huge structure of bread and meat, and they were soon chatting like old friends.

She was going to Denver, she told him, to spend some weeks. He looked up with interest. "Do you know," he said, "that I am going to Denver—to be married?"

She gave a little laugh. "Do you know," she returned, "that I may be married before I leave Denver?"

His face fell. She was a singularly pretty girl. "I hope not," he said savagely. "Unless"—

"Unless?" she repeated questioningly.

"Never mind—now," he said. "Let's talk of my troubles. I am to be married because I am told that I must. I have a friend who married and moved to Denver. His wife insisted that I should visit them, and assured me that she would marry me off before I came away."

"That does not necessarily indicate that you must be married, does it?" she asked.

He smiled faintly. "It is plain to be seen," he answered, "that you don't know Maude Daniels."

She was blushing very curiously, but her voice was even as she remarked: "Possibly the fate may not appear to be so appalling when you have met your chum. I say chum, do you know anything about her?"

He shook his head. "Very little. Mrs. Daniels says she is a very lovely girl amiable, cultured and all that sort of thing. She's a cousin of Mrs. Daniels named Standish—Helen Standish. Pretty name, and they say she's as pretty as her name. It's not that I'm afraid of her, but a fellow does hate to have it all cut and dried, don't you know."

She nodded a grave assent. "I am very much in the same position," she began, but just then a whistle broke in on the conversation, and the sleepy baggage master rolled over. The train whistle was the one thing that would wake him.

"I forgot to tell you," he said to Carlisle, "that there was a Denver train through here about now. It's yesterday's train, but it will get in ahead of the other."

Twenty minutes later, Carlisle, lulled by the easy motion of the train, dropped off to sleep, his mind filled with visions of a petite figure, crowned by a pretty oval face wreathed in golden hair. He had forgotten to ask her name, but he determined that her last name should be Carlisle in spite of Mrs. Daniels and Helen Standish.

The next morning his berth had been made up long before she made her appearance.

"I want to ask you something," he said as he dropped into the seat beside her, in answer to the invitation in her eyes. "Last night I was willing to go to Denver and be married, but now I am not. I want you to help me save myself from the fate that awaits me."

"There is a girl I love desperately," he hurried on and he noted with joy that her face clouded. "I am not a person of impulse, but I love her devotedly and always shall. I want you to marry me before I get to Denver, and then I can face Mrs. Daniels. My old friend, Bishop Dayton, is on the train. He can vouch for me and will perform the service. Will you?"

"But how will my marrying you help you to win the girl you love?" she interposed.

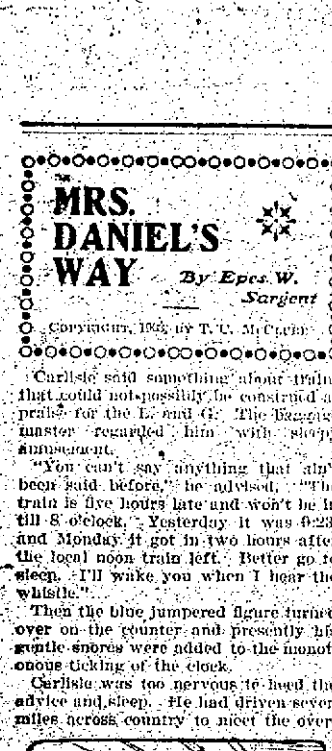
"Because," he said impulsively, "you are the woman I love and shall love till death, God helping me." Then, somehow, he was holding her hand and looking very foolish, while in her eyes the love light glowed through a merry twinkle.

The marriage was not difficult to arrange. The bishop occupied the state room, and there they were married with the Pullman conductor and the train conductor for witnesses. Then the good old bishop got out his portfolio and prepared to fill out the marriage certificate.

"My child," he said kindly, "it is strange, but I do not know your last name. What name shall I fill in here?"

A May smile flitted over her face. "Helen Standish," she said simply, and turned to her husband.

Carlisle looked aghast for a moment, then he broke into a hearty laugh. "I told you," he said, "that Maude Daniels always had her own way. I'm glad of it." And he kissed her.



THEY WERE MARRIED WITH THE TWO CONDUCTORS FOR WITNESSES.

An Accidental Translation.

One day an American called on Georg Brandes, the Danish author, and informed him he had translated one of his books. Brandes thanked him and said that, as he himself spoke but indifferent English, although he could read it easily, he would prefer talking Danish.

"I don't understand Danish," was the unexpected reply.

"How strange when you read it so well!"

"I can't read it either," the American rejoined.

"I thought you told me that you had translated my book," said the amazed author.

"So I have, as you see," replied the American and produced the volume. "The fact is we were passing through Copenhagen, and my wife broke her leg, which necessitated our staying here for a couple of months; so I went to a bookseller's and, asking for the most popular book in Danish, received yours. I took it home, and through the similarity of the language to German and English and with the help of a dictionary I translated it, but I didn't know a word of your language when I began."

"This book," Brandes added, "has gone through several editions in America, although it has mistakes and meanings I never intended."

No wonder so many authors prefer not to be read at all to being read in translations.

The Weight of the Children.

With regard to the standard of weight for growing children, that usually given by authorities in the matter is that at five years of age a child should weigh about as many pounds as it is inches high. As a rule, this will not be much over or under forty pounds. Children who come of large families should weigh something more than that. The rate of increase should be about two pounds for every inch of growth, with a tendency for the weight to exceed this standard proportionately rather than to fall below it. When a child is rather heavier in proportion to its height than this standard it is a sign of good health. If the child is growing rapidly it should not be allowed to fall much below it without being made to rest more than has been the custom before. A deficiency of weight in proportion to height is always an unfavorable sign. Any interruption in the progress of increase of weight, especially during the continuance of growth, must be a danger signal that should not be neglected by those interested in the patient.—Westminster Review.

Just Like Papa.

Little Willie Posthlewaite, aged three, brought an avalanche of ridicule on the head of the house recently. A colored man was selected to whitewash the cellar ceiling and walls and did the job well. A few days after its completion, while the family was at dinner, the doorbell rang. Willie raced to open the door, and the colored man stepped in with his bill.

Willie walked backward till he stood in the dining room entrance.

"Who is it, Willie?" inquired his mother.

"It's a man," answered the child.

"What kind of a man?"

"Well, it's a man; just like papa, only he's black."—New York Press.

Fills the Requirement.

Moldy Mike—Dis yeer paper says de secret of aristocratic appearance is de repose of manner.

Wearie William—Dat's me.—New York Weekly.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

ROPES AS FIRE ESCAPES.

An Experience Which Shook One Man's Confidence In Them.

"Yes, I know that most of the boys carry a rope around with 'em," said the commercial traveler, "and the time was when I would not have taken the road without one, but I gave mine to my wife for an extra clothesline three or four years ago. I read occasionally of a rope saving somebody from a burning hotel, but I don't care to be saved that way."

"But you don't want to be burned with the hotel, do you?" was asked.

"Of course not, but if I can't get down by the stairs or the iron fire escape I'll take my chances on a mattress or a firemen's ladder."

"But what's the matter with a knotted rope?"

"Well, I didn't think anything was the matter for many years. I used to go to bed feeling as safe as a baby in his crib, and if I found a traveler who didn't carry a fifty foot rope in his grip I set him down as a very reckless man. One day when I was in an Indiana town a lot of us got to talking about ropes and burning hotels, and a wall eyed Bluffer offered to bet me $5 to $1 that I couldn't slide down my rope from a third story window and not half kill myself. Of course I jumped at the bet, but he knew what he was talking about. I hadn't lowered myself six feet before the rope burned my hands and I let go and broke a leg. The trick was tried by three others and though they escaped broken bones they were badly shaken up and tongue bitten. After my leg mended I bluffed everybody I met on that rope business and I never found a chap who could slide down two stories and feel good for a month after. A sailor could do it, of course, but I'm no sailor and if ever I'm cut off by fire I'll take a header for the sidewalk and hope to hit a fat man as I come down."—Exchange.

PAPERING THE PINS.

An Ingenious Operation That Is Performed by Machinery.

The first pins made in this country were very crude indeed, merely a bit of wire twisted into a knot for a head at one end and sharpened to a point at the other. Their successors of today undergo a surprising variety of operations before they are considered fit for use.

In comparison with the size of the object manufactured the operations seem bewilderingly numerous, but if there be one process more remarkable than another it is "papering the pins." The papers, having been passed through an ingenious machine which, at regular intervals, according to the size of the pin, pinches up a fold and pricks a hole in it, are ready to receive the pins.

For this purpose there is another machine, worked by two children. One feeds the pins, the other the papers. The first part of the machine is a box about twelve inches long, six broad and four deep. The bottom is composed of small square steel bars, sufficiently far apart to let the shank of the pin fall through, but not the head. These bars are just as thick as the space between papered pins. The lower part of the bottom of the box is made to detach itself as soon as the row of pins is complete. Row after row, at regular intervals, is received and passed down a corresponding set of grooves until it reaches the ready pricked paper. By the nicest possible adjustment these pins come exactly to their places and are pressed into them. By this method two little girls can in one day put up many thousands of papers.—Kansas City Star.

The Early Catbird.

At 4 o'clock the catbirds have it all to themselves, and they will not only sing their hearts out into the trees and the sky, but they will give us imitations and will sing over again all the sounds and melodies they have heard. My nearest neighbor, who builds in the Tartarian honeysuckle, comes near to me with evident comprehension of my admiration and undertakes to tell me that he is not like other birds, but understands human folk. He jumps about the limbs near to me and with whistle calls back and forth, I envying his musical ability and he possibly wondering somewhat about my books and my balconies. I should be very lonely in the country without the catbird. He only has the power of companionship with us.—Independent.

Playing on Her Vanity.

Mr. Potts (to his wife)—My dear, the air is chilly. Fermez la fenetre.

The Visitor (sotto voce)—Why do you ask your wife in French to shut the window?

Mr. Potts (ditto)—Because you are here. If I asked her in English she wouldn't do it, as she won't take instructions from me before visitors. But if I say it in French she gets up and does it at once, so as to let you see that she understands the language.—London Pick-Me-Up.

Hard Hearted.

"Poor Dickers has a very hard hearted wife," said Trivet.

"What's the trouble now?" asked Dicer.

"She not only broke the broomstick over his head, but made him go to the store and buy another."

Well Worn.

Wigg—That was a pretty old joke Borem cracked at dinner.

Wagg—Borem didn't crack it. That joke has been cracked for years.—Philadelphia Record.

Proof Absolute.

Peters—What proof did the doctors have for declaring Blank insane?

Parr—He refused to take their medicine.—Baltimore American.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

THE FOOL WHO WON.

Horace Greeley's First Experience In New York City.

When Horace Greeley first went to New York city, a green, awkward country boy, he met with discouragement. For two days he tramped the streets, visiting two-thirds of the printing offices in the town and always receiving a cold refusal of his services.

His biographer, Mr. W. A. Linn, says that by Saturday night Greeley was satisfied that the city offered him no hope of a living. He decided to leave for the country on Monday, before his last dollar was gone.

It happened that some acquaintances of his landlord, who called on Sunday, told him of an office where a compositor was wanted. Greeley went there Monday morning before the place was open. His appearance was so uncouth that he would have been rejected there also if the foreman had not had difficulty in getting a compositor for a piece of work he wanted done.

This was setting up a small New Testament with narrow columns, the text interspersed with references to notes marked in Greek and other unusual characters. So complicated was the task and so little could the compositor earn at it that several men had abandoned the work almost as soon as they had begun it.

The foreman offered the work to Greeley, believing that in half a day the boy would prove himself incapable of performing it. When the proprietor saw Greeley at work he asked the foreman why he hired that fool and said, "Pay him off tonight."

But the foreman did not pay him off. This boy had worked on a New England farm, had cut wood in the winter cold and in summer had worked in the fields under the noon sun. He was not afraid of toil. He set that Testament. When the foreman examined the first proof he found that Greeley had set more type and set it better than any one else who had tried.

SHOPS OF CANTON.

Every Art and Industry Represented In the Chinese City.

The merchants' alleys are the paradise of the stranger who visits Canton, China. The shops have open fronts on either side the narrow lane, and every art and industry, the homeliest trade and the most fascinating pursuit, thrives in the dark passage. Black swinging signboards proclaim the business in characters of red or gold. Pandemonium triumphs in a series of yells as the chairmen screech for passengers. The poles hit the pedestrian in the eye, and the mandarin joggles the stranger. The native tilts his huge hat sidewise to avoid a crush, and often the coolies swing ashort in the alley or duck into a store to avoid a catastrophe.

The Chinese as a people are modest in their dress. The person is rarely exposed. Women wear double breasted sacks which fit tight to the throat, and men are usually covered. But under the stress of hard labor the man at the forge is stripped to the waist, and in the foundry a nearly nude workman straddles the iron seesaw like a horse in the treadmill. The butcher cleaves his flesher on the block amid dried rats and skins of fowls stretched taut on the rack. Next door the gold beater hammers in his cave. Beyond the kindling man piles high his forest of faggots. Near by the miller is beating the meal through coarse sieves. His neighbor skins fish and hopes to sell them from the box where they float under a feeble spurt of water. In the adjoining den beautiful embroideries are piled mountain high, with silks, satins and brocaded taffetas in wondrous designs of dragons and flowers. Han Cheung Tai patiently transfers them by the hundred from shelf to table in the hope that some stray bit may catch the buyer's fancy. Feathers are an important industry, and fans, folding or open, line the next shop, painted in every fanciful conception.—Detroit Free Press.

Grotesque English.

No doubt purchasers in other lands have reason to smile at English attempts to worthily describe English wares in a foreign tongue. It is to be hoped, however, that our business houses do not send forth announcements quite so grotesque as some that come to this country. Here is a form issued by a very considerable continental firm: "Does your dressing case need, by chance, a superfine antiseptic soap, an energetic perfumed lotion, a delicious cream, an impalpable velouting, a very delicate and lasting extract and unpatchlessly efficient dentifrice? Or do you wish to buy those articles to make a present the most desirable one to a very dear person on its saint's or birth day?"—London Express.

Origin of "Pants."

The words breeches, trousers and pantaloons are now used interchangeably, but originally the significations were quite different. Pantaloons were at first nothing but long stockings worn in Italy as a sort of religious habit by the devotees of St. Pantaloon. Breeches originally reached from the waist half way to the knee and finally to the knee, where they were fastened with a buckle. Trousers are the present style of leg gear, a combination of the former two.

Her Right.

"What right has she to stare?" asked the envious Thespian.

"The best right in the theatrical world," was the reply. "She has secured an 'angel.'"—Chicago Post.

To complain of destiny is only to expose our own feebleness of soul.—Maeterlinck.

Prosperity gets followers, but adversity distinguishes them.

INSURANCE.
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In good, reliable companies.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Lewis G. McCauley.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. K. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Members of Congress—A. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Hays, Morrisdale.
Prothonotary—C. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—M. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson—Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broderick.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tena Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Geisrainer, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. Arnie, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. Ackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock, in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUSCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month, at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Secy.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns' Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. MILLIE I. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phœnix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.
L. F. WILCOX, S.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:22 a. m.
Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:31 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:31 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:05 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:10 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:22 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:31 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:05 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:20 a. m., Baltimore 7:20 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:18 a. m. Sundays), Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m.—Train 12, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:18 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:20 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays to DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:30 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

NORTH		SOUTH
A. M.	Lv. Weekdays Stations Ar.	P. M.
9 15	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 26	Straight	11 18
10 30	Instanter	11 15
10 36	Smith's Run	11 09
10 54	Wendvale	11 00
10 40	Clermont	11 02
A. M.	Ar.	A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:05 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 p. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 2 for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

1:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:50 p. m. and 3:50 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. A. McClure, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. E. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 12. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective May 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1:00	8:10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8:00	12:10	
5:07	1:20	8:28	t Pt. Pleasant	7:50	11:48	5:00
5:10	1:40	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:36	11:45	4:21
5:18	1:55	8:37	Marvindale	7:29	11:36	4:14
6:21	2:00	8:40	Kasson	7:25	11:34	4:10
5:26	2:07	8:47	Cumen	7:18	11:27	4:03
5:34	2:25	8:55	Smethport	7:10	11:19	3:55
				a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5:54	1:25	9:14	Smethport	7:20	11:10	3:35
6:05	2:37	9:26	Mull n	7:09	11:08	3:24
6:09	2:38	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:08	11:07	3:23
6:14	2:43	9:31	Coryville	7:04	11:00	3:15
6:20	2:50	9:40	Larabee	6:55	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar.	Eastward.	STATIONS.	Lv	Westward.	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	3.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.47	9.39
7.46	6	1.57	Carpenter	6	9.34
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	9.32
6	6	1.45	Newfield	7.41	9.46
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	9.49
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	9.54
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.07	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Trunks	8.12	10.20
6.15	6	1.05	N. Couds'pt	6	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport		P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp	8.28	6.00
6	6	12.13	Hammond	6	6
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10
3.45	6	11.59	Knowlton	6	6.17
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28
3.23	6	11.41	Coleman	6	6.34
3.20	6	6	Chem. Works	6	6
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.

6—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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A LORD AND TWO LADIES

By

Cyrus Derickson

Scotland Yard had a case on hand that needed to be handled with the utmost delicacy, and it was handed over to Inspector Jones. Jones was a red-headed, homely looking man, seemingly more fitted in every way to handle a crowbar in a quarry than to work up a delicate case in police matters, but as a matter of fact he was all finesse to his fingers' ends. This case was one wherein Lord Bathmore refused to pay his just debts to certain tradesmen. Some lords refuse to pay their debts because they can't raise the money to do it, but Lord Bathmore refused to because he denied the bills, though they were sent in by some of the most prominent jewelers in the trade. Not only did the young lord deny the bills and damn the people who sent them, but the daughter of Lady Jane Symonds and the wife of Sir John Bevis likewise denied certain bills incurred at the same time and while in the company of the lord.

When Inspector Jones came to interview the six anxious creditors, each of whom had been let in for at least £1,000, and some of them for three times that sum, they told plain, straight stories. Lord Bathmore had called in company with the ladies at a certain date. He needed no introduction as he was well known, but he had introduced and thus guaranteed the ladies. In each instance they had been searching for birthday gifts, and nothing but the choicest and the best would satisfy them. That three people of title should call at once was enough to make a shopkeeper gasp for breath, and that the trio should condescend to select liberally of his stock and bear their purchases away with them made him weak in the knees for an hour afterward. Lord Bathmore's credit was good for £20,000 at any shop in London, and it was really too bad that the trio could not be taken to purchase three or four times what they finally selected.

The bills had not been sent until three months later, and they were almost a year old before the various firms dared to add that part payment would be a source of gratification. Then it was that the denials were made, and those denials put the creditors in a hole. It isn't considered proper form in England to serve a titled debtor as they serve a delinquent malefactor. He or she must be treated in a gingerly way until the last hope is gone. It was the flat denial of each one of the trio that sent the case to Scotland Yard and put Inspector Jones to work. It looked like a conspiracy, and it was possible that a trick had been played on the jewelers. It was four weeks before Inspector Jones made his first report, and it ran as follows:

"I find that all the purchases were made in the same week, though on different afternoons. I have had an interview with each debtor, and all deny the purchases. Indeed I have proofs that Lord Bathmore was in Paris all that week and that at least one of the ladies was out of town for the whole month. We must either believe that these three persons are liars and conspirators or that there has been a series of queer mistakes."

It was far longer before a second and final report was sent in. Inspector Jones did not believe the trio to be liars and conspirators, and he ran up against a stone wall at once. In each and every case my lord and his lady friends had been waited on by the head salesman or one of the house, and in each and every case was well known by sight. The jewelers couldn't be sure of the identity of the ladies, but that it was Lord Bathmore who honored them with his presence they were ready to take their affidavits. Inspector Jones begged to differ with them, but he realized that he had work on hand before he could prove his point. It made the case all the more difficult because it was a year old. As a beginning he visited the pawn shops, and after a long hunt he had the good luck to turn up a string of pearls that had been included among the purchases. But in the end it led to nothing, for the description furnished by the pawnbrokers failed to tally with the persons of the three accused.

Inspector Jones, without being able to advance anything but general reasons, got a further shy of proceedings. He had an intuition that he would drop on the right clew if given time, and the creditors reluctantly conceded that if they went to law and were beaten they stood a good chance of being mulcted in heavy damages. A year went by and the inspector seemed no nearer the end of his case. Then luck stepped in to aid him. Business of another nature called him over to Ireland, and one night he found himself hung up in a small town with only one thing to do to pass away a long evening. That was to attend a play to be given at the town hall by a second rate provincial theatrical company. Two short plays were billed, and between them Professor Fairfax was to perform wonderful feats of juggling and impersonate many well known characters.

The inspector attended, and his interest was only so so until the impersonations began. Then it quickened, and by the time the professor had turned himself into Lord Bathmore the detective was enthusiastic. There were the dress, gait, the voice and the gestures of my lord to a T, as any one who knew him must say, and the applause that followed was all that could have been hoped for. An hour later Inspector Jones was interviewing the professor in jail and saying:

"Now, then, my man, I've got you at last, and you might as well make a clean breast of it. I suspected a trick of some sort, but hang me if I thought an actor would have the cheek to do it."

The professor wasn't easy game, but it all came out at last, and it was a thing to excite admiration in its way. While playing under another name at one of the London music halls the professor had planned the affair. He excelled in the art of making up, no matter how bad his acting was, and having £100 to back his scheme he induced two actresses of his acquaintance to go in with him. He counterfeited Lord Bathmore so closely that he even entered one of the clubs and was addressed on the street. When he had tested his disguise he went shopping with the ladies, and the result was a haul of £8,000 of the most jewelry. He would have doubled it had not the nerve of one of the women failed. The professor had a business head on him. Not one single article was pawned. The pearls had been stolen from one of the women and pawned by the thief. The idea was to let a couple of years go by before converting the plunder into cash. The three impersonators were arrested and the property recovered, and the trio are still playing at large if not overfastidious audiences in male and female prisons.

It Was Not a Lozenger.

The exception to the rule that funerals are among the most solemn of human customs occurred at a burial in a Quaker settlement.

An aged and highly respected man in the community died, and the funeral was largely attended. In a room filled with relatives and friends of the dead sat an old farmer, whose cough, like some of the ailments that afflict humans, was especially aggravated when the mourners were quietest.

He made several efforts to control the hectic spasms; but, being blunt in disposition and not the least self conscious, he did not realize that he had the nerves of half of the room on edge and consequently did not worry himself about stopping the cough. Much annoyed, but full of sympathy, a spinster lady, a neighbor, who sat behind him, plunged her hand quietly into an ancient reticule and, drawing out something in her hand, passed it to him, saying in a whisper: "Here is a lozenger, John; it will stop thee from coughing."

The farmer took it rather indifferently, put it into his mouth, bit hard, then suddenly raised half a foot off his chair, with a wry face. Returning the "lozenger," he said in a voice heard throughout the room:

"Here! Thee should be less careless with thy shoe buttons. I have almost broken a tooth!"—Philadelphia Press.

The Acanthus In Architecture.

Vitruvius, a Roman architect and engineer who flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, tells the following story:

Callimachus, a Corinthian architect, was one day sitting, lost in thought, in a burial place just outside the city, when his attention was drawn to the tomb of a Corinthian maiden of humble birth. The friends of the child had placed on her grave a basket of her toys, and this, covered with a tile to keep out the rain, was placed over an acanthus root.

The leaves of the plant had closely surrounded the basket until they reached the tile, when they had curved outward and downward very gracefully. This so struck the fancy of Callimachus that he set about imitating the figure. His attempts eventually resulted in the invention of the Corinthian style, in which the vase of the capital represents the basket, the abacus the tile, and the volutes the bending leaves.

The era of Callimachus is uncertain, but as the Corinthian column was used by Scopas, the architect of the temple of Athena Alea at Tegea about 394 B. C., he must have lived before that time.

The Value of Sunlight.

One of the greatest cures at the sanitariums established all over the country is the simple sun bath. The solar heat gives to the whole system a strength and vigor which no nourishing food can impart. It is so essential to our health and happiness that when it is taken away from us we become weak, run down and pale. But when we go out into the warm sunlight again new strength and health come to us. The sun bath is essential. Take it every day. Cut down the trees that are so close to the house that they obscure the sun and have every living room flooded with light. If one is forced to stay indoors all day try to get near the sunny window where the full effects of the sunlight can be felt. It will cure neuralgia, nervousness, faintness, weakness and a dozen other complaints. It will give color and beauty to the complexion by making the blood better and purer. The purest and prettiest complexions are those which are wind swept and sun browned during the summer time, and not those which come from a dark room.

Talking Shop.

Dolly—So Simpkins, the cashier of the bank, proposed to you last night?

Polly—Yes, and I promised to marry him.

"Did he ask your father's permission?"

"Yes; he said he would ask papa to indorse my promissory note."—Baltimore Herald.

Consoling.

Daughter (pleading for her lover)—But, father, I am positive that it is not my money he is after. He says he would marry me if I were ever so poor.

Stern and Prosaic Father—Yes, he looks as if he had no better sense.

YELLOWSTONE CANYON.

At First Its Bigness and Barbaric Color Are Overpowering.

Imagine, if you can—but you never can—a mighty cleft in the level earth a third of a mile wide, its brinks sharp, precipitous, reaching over 1,200 feet downward, sometimes almost perpendicular, sometimes banked with huge heaps of talus or buttressed with spindling pinnacles and towers often surmounted with eagle nests, and all painted, glowing with the richest color—vast patches of yellow and orange, streakings of red and blue, with here a towering abutment of red and there another all of yellow. At the bottom flows the gleaming green river, and at the top the dark green forest reaches to the canyon edge, and sometimes even rugged and gnarled pines, the vanguard of the wood, venture over the precipice to find footing on some ledge or talus half shrouded with angular dead arms reaching out into the mighty depths, a resting place for soaring eagle or hawk. The sides of the canyon being part of solid rock, but of crumbling, soft formation, have furnished plastic material for the sculpturing of water and wind, which have tooled them into a thousand fantastic forms. One's eye traces out gigantic castles, huge dog formations, titanic faces—all adding to the awful impressiveness of the place.

For miles the canyon stretches northward from the lower falls. From numerous well guarded, out looks the spectator, grasping hard upon the railing lest the dizziness of these heights unnerve him, may behold a hundred varied views of the grandeur, looking either toward the falls, which seem to fill the canyon end like a splendid white column of marble, or off to the northward, where the stupendous gorge widens out, loses some of its coloring, admits more of the forest and finally disappears among rugged mountains.

Everywhere the view is one that places the seal of awed silence upon the lips. It never palls, never grows old. One soon sees all too much of geyser and paint pot; of this never. At first the sensation of savage immensity is so overpowering that the spectator gathers only a confused sense of bigness and barbaric color, but when he has made the perilous descent to the canyon bottom below the falls, where he has seen the wonder from every point of view, he begins to grasp a larger part of the whole scene, to form a picture which will remain with him.—R. S. Baker in Century.

The Vision of a Bird.

Birds have very active vision, perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is also more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man. Consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it. A bird sees, showing great uneasiness in consequence, a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel.

Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is, as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of objects. Several birds, apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground, can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.—Chambers' Journal.

Told Out of School.

The infant terrible is always with us and in making trouble runs a close race with the wagging tongue of scandal. Accompanied by her young hopeful, a woman was calling on a friend who happened to live in one of a row of houses of exactly the same appearance.

"The great objection to living in a row of houses," remarked the hostess, "is the liability of making a mistake. Do you ever have any difficulty, my dear?"

"Oh, no," replied the little fiend, breaking in unexpectedly. "Ma says she can always tell your house by the dirty windows."—New York Times.

The Retort Courteous.

A young and popular member of parliament was addressing a meeting at which there was a considerable rowdy element present. Like the other speakers, he was frequently interrupted until, losing patience, he called for silence, saying: "Don't let every ass bray at once." "You go on, sir," said the ringleader, and the honorable member was left without a reply.—London Chronicle.

A Deep Sea Tragedy.

Flora—Too bad about Gussie, wasn't it?

Clara—Dear me! I haven't heard. Tell me, quick!

Flora—He fell desperately in love with a girl he met on an ocean steamer, but she threw him over.—Chicago Tribune.

Had Confessed.

Magistrate—How do you know this German gentleman has been guilty of passing the spurious ten cent pieces?

Detective—I asked him if he ever came across any bad money, and he said "some dimes."—Judge.

Sure to See It.

"Who was it who saw the handwriting on the wall, Freddie?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"The landlord, ma'am," quickly replied the little boy who lives in a flat.—Yonkers Statesman.

It may appear to you that all the good jobs are taken, but by the time you are capable of filling one it will be vacant.—Atchison Globe.

PEGGY OF THE PINES

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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"John Carter!"

The name seems to come out of her dream. Peggy opens her eyes, a little dazed.

Of course there are other John Carters. Carter is a rather commonplace name after all. So is John.

The high heels of Peggy's patent leathers click on the polished floor of the alcove and Peggy's blue kimonoed figure appears between the curtains of the arch that divides the room.

"Sleepyhead," is Catherine's scornful welcome.

Peggy smiles and trails languidly over to a low chair by the fire. She sits down and shakes a veil of soft, red brown hair over her flushed cheeks.

Edith passes her the box of chocolates and the conversation goes on.

"I wonder which one of us it is," sighs Louise.

"If the corner of the conservatory could speak I think it would whisper 'Catherine,'" says Edith.

The color that flames up into Catherine's cheeks matches the red of her crape gown.

But Peggy, looking through her veil of hair, sees that she likes it. Likes to be teased about Jack; Peggy's Jack—well, not exactly hers—yet, but he has proposed to her every year since she was in pinafores, and if she hasn't said "Yes"—

"A box for Miss Catherine," states the soft voiced maid at the door.

The box is full of red, glowing roses—American Beauties.

Catherine takes the card out of the little white envelope and looks at the girls complacently.

"John Carter," she reads.

Oh, little Peggy, little Peggy. It is well that your face is hidden by the silken veil, for the blushes are gone.

Edith's lips are set in a rather tense line.

"What does he say?"

"Red as a rose is she."

"Rather hackneyed for a clever man," comments Edith.

"There is another box for Miss Edith," says the maid, "and one for Miss Louise."

"Not a single valentine for you, baby," says Louise to Peggy. "But the men haven't found you out yet."

She opens her box, gives one glance at the card and leans over to see Edith's.

Then the two girls laugh.

"John Carter!"

Across Catherine's smooth forehead there flickers just the shadow of a frown, but she rallies.

"How impartial. What does he say on yours, girls?"

Louise has orchids, Edith violets. Each card contains a maudlin valentine sentiment, but Peggy listens to the conventional lines with prejudiced ears. There is only one consolation. Jack isn't a Mormon! He can't marry all three of them.

But over Catherine's face there broods something of dissatisfaction, and Edith gathers up her violets and slips out of the room without a word. After awhile the other girls follow, and Peggy is left alone.

She goes and stands by the window, where, through the gray mist, she can see the blurred lights of the big city. Oh, how homesick she is! She wants to see Mammy Chloe and Aunt Sophia, and most of all she wants to hear the wind sighing through the pines.

She goes over to her trunk and from its very bottom she drags out a big box, and as the darkness comes on she muses sadly over the bits of lace paper and faded ribbons.

The girls find her thus when they come in later.

"Valentines?" says Louise. "Old ones?" She picks up a tiny lace paper affair with two red hearts and a Cupid.

Roses red and violets blue,
Sugar is sweet and so are you.

"That came when I was seven," says Peggy.

"Are they all from one man? Oh, Peggy, Peggy, I believe you have a romance."

"They are all from Jack," says Peggy without malice, and then she stands blushing, for what will they think of Mr. John Carter now?

But the name suggests nothing to the three girls.

"Some one you know in Virginia?" asks Catherine.

And Peggy knows that, after all, she has told nothing, and she resolves to hold her own.

"He has sent me one each year since I was five. We grew up together."

"Why, what a little romance," says Edith, indulgently, with amused and uplifted eyebrows behind Peggy's back. "Of course he loves you."

"Of course," says Peggy with an assurance she is far from feeling.

"And you love him."

"I haven't told him so," says Peggy, and the girls look at her open eyed. They are not used to small Virginia princesses who have to be wooed long.

"A box for Miss Margaret," announces the maid.

"Margaret? Oh," says Catherine, puzzled. "Oh, Peggy, she means you."

"Yes," says Peggy and reaches out her hand.

The girls watch her while she unties the string.

"Do you wish a light, miss?" asks the maid.

But Peggy does not hear her, for there steals into the room a faint, wonderful fragrance, the fragrance of the pines of Virginia.

Louise steps forward and lifts the cover. Under the waxed paper in the long box are silky tassels of shining green, wet still with the moisture of the woods.

There is an envelope, half hidden under the mass of green. Peggy's hand shuts over it; she has seen the writing. No prying eyes shall read John Carter's message to—"his fourth girl," as she calls herself bitterly.

"Read it, Peggy," cries Louise.

But Peggy stands up defiant, the box in her arms.

"Go and dress!" she commands. "We shall never get ready."

"The country lover," comments Catherine, as the girls go to their rooms.

But when the girls are gone Peggy does not move for a little while. She stands very still, with a pale little face. Then suddenly she buries her face in the scented green. At last, with trembling fingers, she tears open the envelope. But no single line of wormout sentiment confronts her. Within is a sheet of closely written paper:

"My Dear Peggy—I am in paradise, with the Eve left out. I am in the woods, but the spirit of the pines is away, and the old, old trees sigh and sigh and whisper with me broken heartedly, 'Where is our Peggy?'

"When Mammy Chloe told me that you had joined Louise Dalton's house party the light went out of the sun. I want you here, and I had traveled all these miles that I might come to you on St. Valentine's day and ask you again—for the thirteenth time, dear—if you wouldn't.

"Mammy Chloe says that you are homesick. So, dear heart, I send you a bit of home. To the other girls I have sent flowers and verses that mean nothing, but to my Peggy I send her own pine.

"I shall get back to New York with this and send it up to you to let you know that I shall dine at the Daltons' tonight. I found a note from Louise and will telephone her. Come down early, and I will meet you at the foot of the stairway. And, Peggy, oh, Peggy, if you mean to say 'Yes' this time wear a bit of the pine, and I will know that my Peggy is my own at last.

"JACK."

An hour later a wonderful little figure in a pale green trailing gown, with a rope of pearls around the young neck and a silken bit of pine among the laces at her breast, comes out of the door and glides down the hall. As she reaches Louise's room she sees through the open door that the rest of the girls are there, but she passes by unheeding.

Down the long corridor to the stairway. The girls follow her, and look over the railing as she turns the curve below them.

"She is really beautiful," says Catherine, as the light falls on the upturned radiant face.

"Poor Virginia lover," laughs Edith. "If Peggy looks like that all the evening, he will have rivals."

Just then a man comes across the broad hall and advances to meet Peggy.

He is tall, strong and handsome.

"John Carter," breathes Catherine, and starts to descend.

But Edith holds her back.

"Look," she says.

They meet half way up the stairway—little Peggy and John Carter. He takes her hand in his. When there is a breathless moment and the watchers slip away discreetly.

"Jack!" they say, with a light breaking in upon them.

And then they know—beautiful Catherine, and stately Edith, and gracious Louise—that it is little Peggy, after all—little Peggy of the pines.

Getting on in the World.

A tortoise, plodding along, was approached by a pigeon hawk, which dropped from the ether like a bullet and perched upon its shell.

"Come, let's race," he said, buntingly.

"On one condition," replied the tortoise.

"Name it."

That we make it a week's journey."

"Done."

They immediately set out. The tortoise knew that if he gained the victory it must be by great diligence; he must never pause or turn aside; he must strike a bee line and not permit himself to be distracted. So he crawled along, intent only upon one thing—reaching the goal.

The hawk, on the contrary, knowing what an easy task was before him, made sport of the contest. He circled in the air, ascending into the clouds, descending to earth again, sailing, soaring, giving himself up to the pleasures of flying here, there, everywhere. He visited one acquaintance after another and had a good laugh at the tortoise. Finally so much time had been wasted that when he came within sight of the winning post the plodding, earnest tortoise had just reached the goal.

Moral—The tortoise won the race, but the hawk had all the fun.

Hats and Heads.

A hatter had just finished selling a hat to an Irishman.

"The Irish," he said, "have heads of a graceful shape—long and oval and very large. The American has a head shaped very much like the Irishman's, only it is smaller and slightly rounder.

"The German has a square head, flat on top and very wide between the ears. A German's hat always looks too big for him. It looks so because it is so. In order that it may encompass the head's great breadth it must be bought a little too loose in its other dimensions. Some Germans who are particular have their hats made to order on this account.

"I sell hats all over the United States, and I find that heads run bigger in the west than anywhere else. The Chicago man has the biggest head in America. The southerner has the smallest. We easterners—Philadelphians, New Yorkers and Bostonians—all have heads about the same size. That size is, on the average, 7. The westerner's size is 7¼; the southerner's is 6¾."—Philadelphia Record.

Brains For Two.

Mr. Noodle—Clever? Why, she has brains enough for two, Miss Cutting.

Miss Cutting—Has she? Then she is just the girl you ought to marry, Mr. Noodle.—London Tit-Bits.

SAFE OPENING TOOLS.

Implements of Which Burglars Never Even Get a Glimpse.

"We have tools for opening safes," said the foreman of the machine room of a safe factory, "that no burglar could imitate even if he got them. But it would be one of the most difficult things in the world for him to get even a sight of them. The tool room is guarded as closely as a bank vault. A watchman stays in it all night. We are very careful about employing our men. They must give bonds and have the best of references. The chance of a burglar getting into our employ for the purpose of learning our methods is scarcely worth thinking about.

"Very frequently we have hurry calls for a man to open a safe where the time clock has gone askew or where the clerk has forgotten the combination. You can readily imagine that with a bank or trust company it is an essential thing to have the safe open before business begins. When we send a man out he takes a wagon load of tools, for he must open the safe without spoiling the lock, until he does not know precisely what the trouble is. He carries a photograph of himself with our credentials on it. Nor will he open the safe while alone. Some bank official must remain with him, no matter how long the job takes. That is for our own protection. Some very queer alleged robberies have been charged to men sent out to open safes.

"To mechanics in our business it is inexplicable to read that a full kit of burglars' tools has been found beside a safe. As I have said, it would require an express wagon to carry them, and burglars don't work that way. If they care to take chances by blowing up a safe with dynamite it is another matter, but those fellows nearly always get caught.

"A police officer told me that burglars make their own tools. The big crooks are all spotted and are afraid to go out and buy the material for them. Some of them send their wives and children."—Philadelphia Ledger.

POULTRY POINTERS.

The best way to feed corn to young chickens is cracked or crushed.

A good dust bath will go far toward keeping fowls in good condition.

Clear, raw corn meal wet with water is not a good feed for young ducklings at any time.

Destroy the nest of a sitting hen as soon as the chickens are a day old. Give her a new nest and burn the old one.

Separated early and raised up by themselves, pullets are worth at least 25 per cent more for use than if allowed to run with a lot of cockerels.

On the farm if more than one breed is kept it is necessary that they be kept separate, and one or the other must be kept confined part of the time.

It is important to keep the young turkeys dry until they are about eight weeks old, and even then they should be strong and well developed. Dampness is almost always fatal to young turkeys.

Religious Training of Japanese.

Little or no importance is attached to the religious training of Japanese children. Whether the parents be Buddhists or Shintoists it matters not, for in either case the children rarely take any part in the religious life of their parents or elders, and indeed usually grow up in blissful ignorance as to what it is all about. True, they may occasionally be taken to the temple and taught to rub their palms together, clap thrice and incline their heads toward the shrine as they toss their offering of rin through the wooden grating of the huge money till. They may have some vague notion that there is something meritorious in all this, but nothing more, although every Japanese home has a latticed niche, or kamidana, dedicated to the service of the household Lares and Penates, or Daikoku and Ebisu, as they appear in Japan.

No Reptiles In Newfoundland.

Everybody knows that there are no snakes in Ireland, but very few know that Newfoundland is just like Ireland in that respect, and there is no record that Newfoundland had a St. Patrick to drive the snakes off either. There is plenty of game in Newfoundland, but not a reptile of any kind—snake, toad, frog, lizard or even turtle. Another queer thing about the province is that while some wild animals are abundant there no one ever saw a squirrel, porcupine, mouse or lynx anywhere within its boundaries. This is all the more singular because the adjoining provinces of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton have all these animals and many kinds of snakes and other reptiles.

An Achievement.

"I don't see why you should be so proud of winning that case," said the intimate friend. "You were plainly in the wrong."

"You don't understand these things at all," answered the lawyer. "That's the very thing that makes me so proud."—Exchange.

The Wisdom of Wisewell.

Noitt—That fellow Wisewell could have given Solomon a few pointers.

Askitt—Come on with the explanation.

Noitt—When he and his family went to the country for a month's vacation he took his gas meter along.—Leslie's Weekly.

Himself to Blame.

"Didn't you once say that your wife was the making of you?"

"Only once," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta heard it and said it was very unkind and unjust to blame her in that manner."—Washington Star.

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BY AID OF THE DICTIONARY

By ELIZABETH KEMPSTER

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The note of a horn, the snap of a whip, and the great coach swayed out upon the winding road, gay atop with bright steamer robes and trunks bedecked with multicolored labels. Inside, the blase interest of middle age and the bright alertness of the young girl, reaching out eagerly for new experiences—strange scenes.

Jane and the Elderly Ones made a comfortable party of three, and had settled themselves for the journey. But a few miles on in the valley, as they stopped at the little town of Andermatt, the empty seat was filled—a man had stepped in upon them with a courteous word of apology for his invasion. He spoke in German, was young and good looking and carried the mark of universities about him. The great shoulders drooping over so little in their long cape coat, spoke of the student, and his cavernous pockets bulged with fat volumes to be read en route.

But the calm eyes of the German met Jane's shadowy ones at the second mile, and forthwith the wicked little blind god began his mischievous work. It was frank and open love from the first with members. Jane parried at first as best she might—but after awhile her round American chin went up, and she gazed her fill with deliberation, while the caparoned knight on with amazement. That the young student knew no word of English and Jane not a word of German lent a certain piquancy to the situation, but proved in no way an obstacle. The Elderly Ones at least understood and spoke in the foreign tongue, and to them the young man addressed himself, while to Jane the dark, expressive eyes had a language all their own.

Never was such a gallant and courteous traveling companion. He told anecdotes of the country through which they were traveling, smothered the ladies with edelweiss and the alpine roses which the peasants sold at the roadside, and at the various stops ordered impossible dishes for their delectation.

As the panting horses drew their load slowly upward over the tortuous road the coach seemed a speck on the bare, brown face of the mountain. The valley lay like a toy below, the rocks lifted gaunt peaks into the unnatural air and huge feathery tufts of cloud hung sluggishly in the shadows.

The young man drank in long breaths of exhilaration and drew the robes more cozily about Jane's shoulders as the atmosphere grew colder. And suddenly a great wave of sympathy, of unspoken tenderness, swept subtly between the two. They seemed alone together in this uncanny upper air. The world was beginning, and this ragged, rugged bit of earth about them was pregnant with strange things—unutterably sweet. Just once to have drawn near to her, to have wrapped her close and felt those perilous downy waves of her hair against his lips—that would have been worth a life.

Once the Paris veil came loose and for a moment his long, strong fingers fought with its little jeweled pin and

AT THE LITTLE TOWN OF ANDERMATT THE EMPTY SEAT WAS FILLED.

fastened it into place again. Jane laughed and called him clumsy. In English—but she felt the thrill of proximity.

The inhospitable little hostelry in Furka's pinnacle did its prettiest for the travelers in the way of rest and refreshment. The Elderly Ones accepted gratefully the half hour's break in the long sitting journey. Jane and her German walked about in smiling and understanding silence, his eyes following her little movements hungrily and with open admiration.

When the fresh horses were harnessed and the shabby old coach stood waiting once more seats were resumed. Presently it was found that the student had by some unknown means possessed himself of an English and German dictionary, and it was through this humble instrument that the charmed silence was broken.

For the rest of the way Jane and her cavalier sustained a spirited conversation. That this method of communication was somewhat slow and laborious (for each word of a sentence must be looked out separately) in no whit marred their interest. And as the day waxed names, addresses and bits of their respective histories were exchanged to mutual satisfaction. Fingers touched inadvertently and lingered ever so little in the shadow of the dictionary, and knowledge of each other grew apace.

That the girl was under their careful espionage was enough for the Elderly Ones, and when the young German presented his credentials the name was found to be a very old and illustrious one, so they were content.

The descent on the farther side of the pass, the stupendous panorama of the Rhone valley, with its weird, glittering mystery of virgin ice, were dearly lost upon two of the passengers, for the little struggling village of Gletsch lay a spot just below—Gletsch and a parting of ways.

The sepulchral looking hall of the Glacier hotel made rather a gloomy setting for the end of the little drama. The young German must take his own way, while Jane must go hers with the Elderly Ones. The two clasped hands for several long minutes while they said goodby wistfully and without the dictionary, and when the blue eyes looked away from the brown ones they were suspiciously bright. But the great broad shoulders stooped suddenly over Jane, and their owner whispered tenderly a magic word into her waiting ear. It was "Auf wiedersehen."

That Jane should be snapped up unceremoniously in her first season by a bold and unknown foreign count was a matter of much comment and no little regret among her friends at home. It was in vain they tried by various means to learn the romantic details of her short engagement. But the broad, distinguished figure of the foreigner certainly made a handsome and striking background for Jane's glistening wedding gown. And they were married with the aid of the dictionary too!

Superstitions of Scotch Fishermen.

Some still existing superstitions among Scotch fishermen are as follows: At the beginning of the herring season the crew all try to seize the herring first on board to see if it be a male or female. If it is a male their fishing may be expected to be a poor one; if a female, a good one. Sometimes, however, the skipper secures it and hides it away, salting it and laying it aside for the season. The boat must not be turned against the sun.

Certain animals considered of ill omen must not be spoken of in the boat, and ministers in this respect occupy the same place as rabbits, hares and pigs. Fishermen do not like to lend anything to a neighboring boat, lest their luck should go with it. If they lend a match they will contrive—secretly if possible—to break it and keep part, hoping thereby to retain their luck. Their dislike to have anything stolen is increased by the fear that the thief may have stolen their luck with it. To ask the question, "Where are you going?" of any one who is going on board is equivalent to destroying all his chances for that time. Persons with certain names are held to be of bad omen, the dreaded names being different in different villages.

Beautiful Indian Women.

It is said that some of the most beautiful women of the world are to be found among the Indians of the Tehuantepec isthmus in Mexico. They are of mixed blood, Spanish and Indian, though the Indian traits generally predominate.

Their costume for high and holy days is somewhat extraordinary. They wear skirts of satin or silk, heavily lace trimmed, and with short sleeved waists which may or may not be of the same material. The headdress is the principal feature, being an immense affair of accordion plaiting stiffly laundered. It is usually white and comes nearest in point of resemblance to the headdress of a Sister of Mercy.

There is a curious custom among the men and maidens of exchanging the twigs of certain trees in perfect secrecy, except that each new twig is carried to the father or mother or guardian of each, who formally gives assent to the further exchange of tokens. This is continued until the exchange of orange blossoms signifies betrothal. This pretty method of courtship is dying out.

Tips to the Wrong Persons.

Some one in canvassing the tip subject has discovered that we tip the wrong people all the time. Particularizing, the discoverer declares that it is the cook, not the waiter, who should receive this material expression of our favor and that it is the engineer, not the conductor, who should have the extras for getting us about on time when we travel in haste. Of course this discovery will not result in the searching out of the man behind the man who reaches out his hand for the tip. We shall continue to send our gratuities along on the same old lines, getting a smug contentment over feeling that we have done our duty—or is it the satisfaction of making the petty display of our cash resources?—and that we can't be expected to chase up the real benefactor, but it adds another complication to the tip question for those who already find it too perplexing.—Boston Transcript.

The Sting Ray.

Of the many dangers which beset navigators of the tropical rivers of South America perhaps the natives fear the sting ray most. It is poisonous and is to be found in very large numbers when the river is low. That is the time when boatmen have to get in the water to push their canoes over the shallows. They are often stung by the tail of the ray and usually die unless medical assistance is promptly given. The ray cannot be seen, as it is of the same color as the sand on which it coils itself. The stab of its sharp knife-like tail is the unwary navigator's first intimation of its presence.

An Ice Poultice.

In many cases of inflammation an ice poultice is a very useful application. It is made in this way: Spread a layer of linseed meal three-quarters of an inch thick on a piece of cloth and upon the meal, put at intervals lumps of ice about the size of a marble. Sprinkle meal over the ice and cover all with the cloth, turning the edges over. In this way the ice will last much longer than it otherwise would and the poultice will be quite comfortable.

As to Eating.

It is a good plan not to eat when you are hurried.

When you are troubled.

When you have no appetite.

When you are laboring under any strain of mind.

When you cannot lay aside every care and give yourself up to leisure by enjoyment of the meal.

YOU HAVE SIX EARS.

THE ORGANS OF HEARING ARE A WONDERFUL SET OF MACHINES.

They Include Two Hammers, Two Anvils, Two Stirrups, Six Canals, Two Snail Shells, Six Drums and Several Other Curious Utensils.

The hearing apparatus is far more wonderful than most people have the slightest idea of. It is a marvelous collection of instruments for receiving, magnifying and recording sounds or vibrations, as the learned term them.

What you do when you speak to a friend is to throw the air into vibration. Your vocal organs strike the air, and the impulses thus caused reach the trumpet shaped bits of flesh and gristle you call ears. You have altogether six ears.

The flaps which are stuck on to each side of the head are the outer ears. Besides these there are the middle ears and the inner ears, all of which lie in cavities in the bones of the head. All that the flaps do is to collect and concentrate the vibrating currents of air so that they may strike the ear drums.

These latter are really the middle ears. The outer ear narrows as it enters the head and ends in a ring. A membrane is stretched over this ring, much in the same way as a piece of parchment is stretched over the head of a drum.

The ear drum is a true drum, for it can be tightened and slackened by means of levers made for that purpose. The tightening and slackening are done quite automatically to suit the various sounds.

This is how it is tightened: In the middle ear are four tiny bones, the most peculiar looking bones imaginable. The biggest is a little odd shaped bone called the mallet. It looks like a lilliputian version of a lobster's claw. Minute muscles are attached to it, so that it may act as a lever to increase or diminish the tension of the drum skin. One muscle relaxes the membrane, another pulls it taut.

The four bones form a chain to connect the drum skin of the outer ear with the drum skin of the inner and so to conduct the sound. The next bone to the mallet is the anvil, then come the spherical bone and the stirrup, which looks exactly like its namesake, but it is by far the most important of the four. By means of this alone one can hear in a fashion, even if all the others be gone.

A bony, gristly tube joins the ear drum with the back of the mouth at the side of the soft palate. Hence the four bones are always in a bath of air, quite naked, as it were. It is owing to this that people who are somewhat deaf are able to hear better when they listen with their mouths open.

Now we come to the inmost ear, which is made up of three parts. The first one is called the vestibule or hall, and it has a drumhead to which the chain of little bones is attached.

The hall leads to the other parts, both of which consist of tortuous tubes along which the sound passes. One part is made of three semicircular canals. The other is shaped exactly as a snail's shell. All these make up a peculiar labyrinth, and all are completely filled with a curious fluid. Their walls are lined with the soft, pulpy nerves of hearing which communicate with the brain. Owing to these complex and winding cavities a great extent of nerves is exposed for the reception of sound.

Now let us see what happens when somebody says "Hear!" to you.

The air is thrown into vibrations, which spread out and out until they touch the side of your head. There the flesh flap on one side collects and magnifies the vibrations.

Down the ear funnel they pass until they reach the membrane of the drum of the ear. They strike on the membrane, which adapts itself to them. Then the vibrations are communicated, through the bones in the middle ear, to the membrane covering the entrance to the labyrinth.

If you keep your mouth wide open the air vibrations pass direct to the little bones. The impulses of the air are not interrupted by first having to strike the membrane of the drum; that is all the difference.

People could easily converse with their ears sealed up. If the two speakers each held an end of the same piece of hard wood against their teeth even the faintest whisper could be understood.

You will see from this that what are commonly called the ears are not essentially necessary to hearing, after all.

Well, however the vibrations are received, they finally strike against the membrane covering the entrance to the hall of the labyrinth. Thence they make the fluid which fills the labyrinth vibrate. These vibrations act on the fibers of the auditory nerve, the fibers which coat the inner ear. Along this nerve the impressions are communicated to the brain. In this manner the sensation of sound is produced, and you know that somebody said "Hear!" to you.

The Tepid Bath.

A tepid bath at about 99 degrees Fahrenheit, taken just before retiring, in a tub where the whole body except the face is immersed, is an excellent substitute for sleep, says Henry Behnett Weinburgh in Perfect Health. To be exact, he says it is the only substitute known to science for nature's sweet restorer. "I have known cases of prolonged and chronic insomnia to be cured by this form of bath. Sleep, with the exception of the heart beats, is intended for perfect rest. The bath above named will come near enough producing this result to answer many months for sleep in cases of insomnia."

RESTING IN MIDAIR.

Faculty of Poising Possessed by Some of the Largest Birds.

"While I never have seen it explained in print," said one of the ornithological sharps of the zoo, "it is a wonder to me persons should express amazement at the ability of certain birds to hang poised in the air without wing motion.

"It is a favorite trick of the great condor. Away in the air, far beyond the mountain tops, these birds hang poised as motionless as if perched on solid rock. True, their wings are outstretched, but even through glasses not the slightest motion is perceptible. They remain in this position for many minutes, sometimes for an hour, making a careful scrutiny of everything below them in their search for prey. Then, with a slight tilting of the wings, they flap slowly away, or, having found what they were seeking, dart like a bullet toward it. The eagle, hawk and other species have this same faculty of poising apparently on nothing.

"These birds move about until they meet an uprising current of air. It may come from immediately beneath them, from wind deflected by striking a cliff along the sea, or may come from a great distance, where a rushing wind struck the side of a mountain and was turned upward. Being on the wing most of the time in search of prey, they have learned to utilize these uprushing air currents for their own purposes. Coming to one of these and heading to the wind they fix their pinions at an angle which will permit them to rest there and scrutinize something that has taken their attention perhaps on the plain below. Thus, while they seem poised on nothing, the air current rushing upward buoys them.

"You see the same thing in mid-ocean when ships are followed by flocks of gulls, in some rare case clear across the ocean. When the ships start out the gulls go here and there, sometimes away on high and again skimming the surface of the water in search of food. As the hours and days pass they tire, and then you will see them poise for rest on the air current rising from the stern of the ship. The onrush of an ocean greyhound creates a swiftly rising air current in its wake. This curls over like a wave and rushes into the vacuum made by the steamer, and on it the gulls are carried along without effort and at the same speed at which the ship is traveling."—New York Press.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

Uranus is the only one of our system of planets which rotates backward.

Glycerin has the property, extraordinary among liquids, of not evaporating.

The star Canopus surpasses the sun in brightness by more than 10,000 times.

The equator of Mars is inclined to the plane of its orbit about 25 degrees. That of the earth is inclined 23 degrees 24 minutes.

The different worlds of the solar family are at different stages of their evolution. If the moon is a wait of the past, Jupiter is a world of the future.

The electrical charge of the gaseous ion is .000000000034 electrostatic units. The number of molecules in one cubic centimeter of gas under standard conditions is 3.6 multiplied by the nineteenth power of 10.

Such common substances as sugar, glucose and chalk having been found to absorb sunlight all day and to give it off in rays during the night, the discovery of some means for rendering those rays useful in illuminating houses at night with little expense seems a possibility of the near future.

Bearded Women.

Bearded women have existed at all periods of the world's history. Even Herodotus, the "father of history," gives us an account of one Pedasnes, "who lived above Halicarnassus," a priestess of Minerva, whose chin regularly budded with a large beard whenever any great public calamity impended. Bartel Garetji, a woman of Copenhagen, had a beard reaching to her waist. Charles XII. of Sweden had a female grenadier in his army who possessed the beard as well as the courage of a man. Margaret, duchess of Austria and governess of the Netherlands, had a large, wiry, stiff beard, of which she was very proud. Of late years Albert, duke of Bavaria, reports having had a young lady governess in his household who was "the proud possessor of a very large black beard."

Development of the Walking Stick.

Probably the patriarch's staff was the first adaptation of the walking stick, and from its first inception to the present day it has undergone almost endless changes. In 1701 footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, these being replaced by a porter's staff. Thirty years later gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, but allowed to carry large oak sticks. Before many years varnished and polished woods with ornamental heads came into use and in one form or another have held their own in public popularity.

The Beam Is There.

"Remember," admonished the reverend gentleman, "when you begin to notice the mote in your neighbor's eye there is pretty certain to be a beam in your own."

"That's right," replied Sinnickson. "It makes the average man's whole face beam to find a mote in his neighbor's eye."—Exchange.

The man who is always talking about how much work he does should remember that some people work so hard that they don't have time to tell about it.—Atchison Globe.

Beauty as a Base in Italy.

Florence and Venice and the rest are cursed with the burden of a most dangerous legacy from their past—the legacy of beauty. Because of this beauty, (which the people themselves do not enjoy) the rich of all nations flock to them, bringing full purses and a disposition to spare no expense. The native begins to regard these visitors as his natural prey. Why should he work when foreigners are so easily fleeced? Accordingly he does not work—at least in the productive sense; he touts and begs and sells ornaments at three times their real value. The victory instead of going to strength goes to weakness. Parents of the poorer class look upon a deformed or crippled child as a blessing, since its pitiful helplessness makes it a more efficient beggar. Into these cities, where such a fine harvest can be gathered on such easy terms, the strong, industrious peasantry are sucked, till they become idle, demoralized gamblers, and all because they are the most beautiful places in the world, because their past is so glorious that strangers come from the ends of the earth to see its grave. Thus the modern Florentine lives, like some horrible cannibal, upon his own dead.—London Outlook.

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